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Contents :

	PAGE.
I.—Thomas Rowlandson and His Works. With eight illustrations. By HARRY THORNER	97
II.—The Last of the Ale-Tasters. By THOMAS NEWBIGGING	118
III.—The Cuckoo (Sonnet). By FRANCIS ERNEST BRADLEY	126
IV.—Women as Sonneteers. By C. E. TYRER	127
V.—Methods of Literary Work :—	
II.—On Indexing and Indexes. By W. R. CREDLAND	145
III.—On an Index to the <i>London Gazette</i> . By W. H. GUEST	154
IV.—Personal Experience. By WALTER TOMLINSON	158
VI.—International Copyright. By E. BRUCE HINDLE	163
VII.—The First Roses (Sonnet). By WILLIAM E. A. AXON	196

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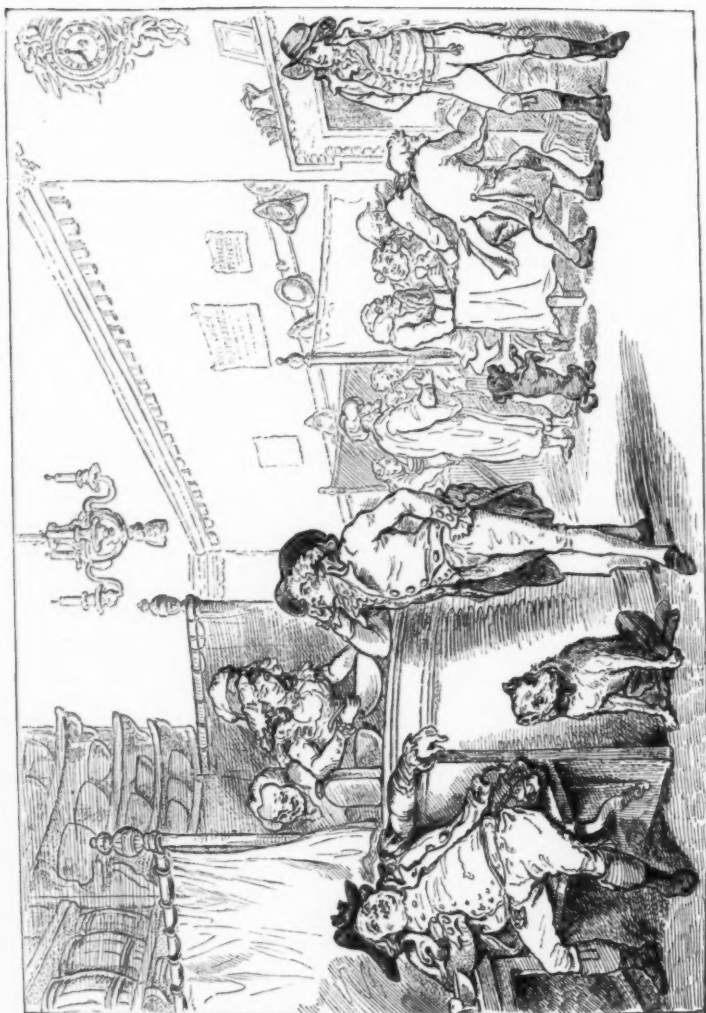
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A COFFEE-HOUSE—From a Drawing in the possession of Mr. H. Thrale.



THOMAS ROWLANDSON AND HIS WORKS.

BY HARRY THORNER.

THOMAS ROWLANDSON, the subject of the present sketch, was born in the Old Jewry in July, 1756, just one year before his great rival and friend James Gillray. His father was at one time well to do, but he appears to have been, like his son, very reckless, and before Rowlandson came of age all his means had disappeared, so that as far as he was concerned he could render his son no further assistance. An uncle named Thomas Rowlandson married a Mademoiselle Chatelier, who was fairly well to do, and when his father failed she came to her nephew's aid, and at her death left him £7,000, all of which he quickly wasted in gambling and debauchery. Only when his means were exhausted would he commence work.

When at school he had as schoolfellows John Bannister, who was afterwards a celebrated actor, and Henry Angelo, son of Henry Angelo, fencing-master to the Royal family; and these three became steadfast and firm friends through life. All these youngsters were in different degrees art enthusiasts. Angelo and Bannister originally intended following up the artists' profession, and later on in life both drew as amateurs. Rowlandson, like most men of genius

gave signs of his future ability as a child, and it is recorded that he could make sketches before he learned to write. The margins of his school books were covered with humorous sketches of his master and many of his schoolfellows before he was ten years old.

Rowlandson and Bannister left school together to join the Schools of the Royal Academy, Angelo in the meantime going to Eton. Rowlandson only stayed a very short time at the Academy, as in 1771 he was sent to Paris to continue his education. It was his aunt, previously named, who invited him for that purpose. He was entered as a student in one of the drawing academies there, and it is greatly to his credit that he made good use of his advantages, and made rapid advances in the study of the human figure, and laid the foundation of his future success. He stayed there nearly two years, and then returned to London for a season and resumed his studies at the Royal Academy, where he again met Bannister and Angelo.

In 1775 he sent his first contribution to the Royal Academy, a drawing entitled "Delilah payeth Samson a visit while in prison at Gaza," the exhibitor's address being given as 4, Church Street, St. Anne's. From 1777, Rowlandson settled down for the time being to portrait painting, giving his address as Wardour Street. His contributions to the Academy during the next few years were as follows:—

1777—302. A Drawing.

1778—259. Portrait of a Young Gentleman. Whole length.

1779—275. An Officer. Small whole length.

„ 276. A Gentleman.

1780—373. Landscape and Figures.

1781—334. Portrait of a Lady in a Fancy Dress.

„ —339. Portrait of a Gentleman.

During this time his visits to the Continent were frequent, and he did a great deal of work. Besides France, he travelled through Flanders and Germany, making studies and finished pictures of the incidents of his journeys. The drawings made at this period show his talents at their best, as he had not as yet turned aside from the legitimate path of art, to enter the more alluring one of a caricaturist. His early tendency was to the humorous, and after having an academic training in London and Paris, which necessitated a great amount of hard work, and would have fitted him for any of the highest branches of art, in 1784 his leanings for caricature got complete hold of him, and he forsook serious art and commenced his career as a caricaturist, and I think in so doing he took the wisest course open to him, as it is always best to let genius have full play, and his genius for caricature no one will deny. This decision was also influenced by the example of the famous James Gillray, who is generally entitled prince of caricaturists, Henry Wigstead, and Henry Bunbury, all companions of Rowlandson about this period.

In 1784 Rowlandson had three pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition, viz.—

462—An Italian Family.

503—Vauxhall.

511—The Serpentine River.

It was about this time that he received the legacy of £7,000 from his aunt, and until it was spent he led a dissipated life. Whilst at Paris, among other evils, he imbibed a love of play. He was known in London at the principal gaming houses, occasionally winning, but oftener losing, until he was minus a few thousand pounds. It is said, to his honour, that he played with the feelings of a

gentleman, and his word was as good as his bond. Rowlandson himself has said, that he had frequently played throughout a night and the next day, and that once he continued at the gaming table nearly thirty-six hours, with the intervention only of the time for refreshment. This passion for gambling, however, did not pervert his principles. He was very particular in his monetary transactions, and always kept clear of debt. He has been known after having lost all he possessed to return home to his professional studies, sit down coolly to produce a series of new designs, and exclaim "I have played the fool," but holding up his pencils or the reed pen with which he traced his outlines, "Here is my resource." Such was his dexterity, and so fertile was his imagination, that in a few hours he produced pictures with incredible rapidity, and these designs were at once put on the market and produced keen competition among the collectors of drawings and caricatures, and so he obtained money for his pressing wants.

Rowlandson's contributions to the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1786 and 1787 were as follows—

- 1786—560. A French Family.
- „ 566. Opera House Gallery.
- „ 575. An English Review.
- „ 583. A French Review.
- „ 599. A Coffee House.
- 1787—525. The Morning Dram, or Huntsman Rising.
- „ 529. Grog on board a Ship.
- „ 531. French Barracks.
- „ 555. Countrymen and Sharpers.

All Rowlandson's contributions to the Academy were published afterwards, with two exceptions, viz.: "The Serpentine River," exhibited in 1784, and "A Coffee House," exhibited in 1786; at least, I have never seen or heard of them being published.

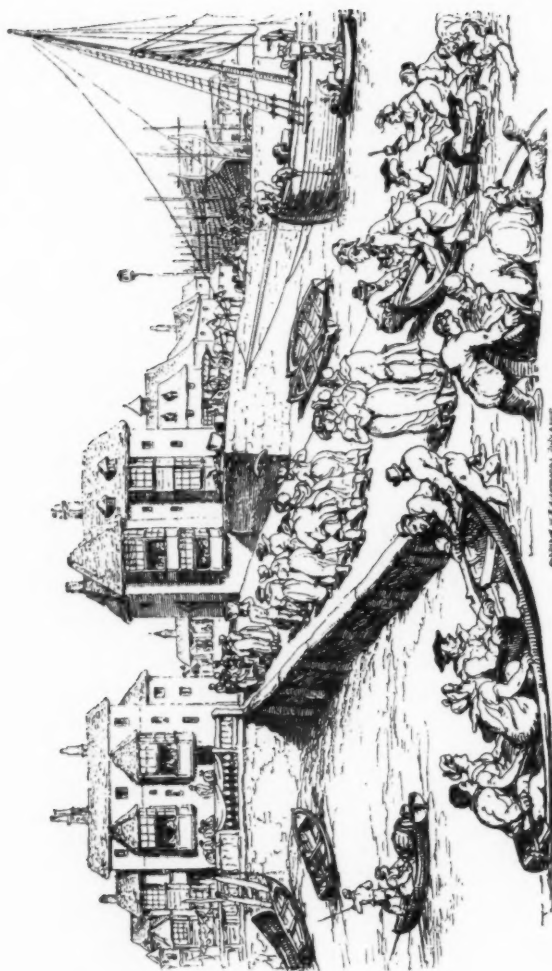


Illustration of a busy harbor scene.

A LANDING PLACE.

By permission of Mr. Gropo.]

In 1784 the bulk of Rowlandson's published caricatures were political—notably the series of the celebrated Westminster Election—such as the “Duchess of Devonshire kissing the Butcher,” and the “Westminster Deserter drummed out of the Regiment,” &c., &c.

In 1785 was published “Vauxhall Gardens,” which is generally considered as the *chef d'œuvre* of Rowlandson. Angelo in his reminiscences mentions their frequent expeditions to Vauxhall to study character, and the humours Rowlandson found there brought out his powers to their fullest extent, and employed his pencil frequently. In the picture the figure of the vocalist is intended for that of Mrs. Weichsel, mother of Mrs. Billington, afterwards a great operatic celebrity. Amongst the visitors, the two ladies in the centre of the picture are the Duchess of Devonshire and her sister, Lady Duncannon. Another conspicuous group introduces the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth: he is whispering in the ear of a fair lady, whose right hand is held captive under the arm of a gentleman, who has the appearance of being her husband or guardian. This lady is Mrs. Robinson, better known as the “Fair Perdita;” and I believe that the bulk of the personages represented are portraits of frequenters. The other best known prints published in 1785 are: “Filial Affection, or a Trip to Gretna Green,” and the companion, “The Reconciliation, or the Return from Scotland;” “Nap in Town,” and the companion, “Nap in the Country.”

In 1786 was published “Picturesque Beauties of Boswell,” consisting of twenty plates, caricaturing the celebrated *Tour to the Hebrides*, and to those acquainted with Boswell's inimitable work, very interesting and entertaining.

In 1787 “Illustrations to Peter Pindar” appeared. “A Sailor's Family,” “Tragedy Spectators,” and “Comedy Spectators” were also issued this year.

In 1789 two well-known caricatures, "Grog on Board," and the companion to same, "Tea on Shore," intended to show the contrast between high and low life in port were issued.

In 1790 appeared *An Excursion to Brighthelmstone made in the year 1789*, by Henry Wigstead and Thomas Rowlandson, embellished with eight engravings in aquatinta, from views taken on the road to that place. This is one of the most charming of Rowlandson's productions. Those who know Brighton well at the present time will find this volume well worth perusing. Five plates, viz., "Waiting for Dinner," "At Dinner," "After Dinner," "Preparing for Supper," and "Fox Hunters Relaxing" are assigned by Grego to this year, but it is doubtful in which year they originally appeared.

About this time Rowlandson illustrated Fielding and Smollett's novels:—

1792—*Tom Jones*. Twelve illustrations.

„ *Joseph Andrews*. Eight illustrations.

„ *Roderick Random*. Eight illustrations.

1793—*Peregrine Pickle*. Six illustrations.

„ *Humphrey Clinker*. Ten illustrations.

And a frontispiece to *Sir Launcelot Greaves* in 1805. I have never been able to ascertain whether he illustrated *Amelia*, and though inclined to think that he did not cannot be certain. In illustrating these works Rowlandson found congenial occupation, especially in such scenes as "The Battle at Upton" in *Tom Jones*; "Hostess discharging a Pan of Blood into the Face of Parson Adams," and "Ducking Scene" in *Joseph Andrews*; "Peregrine rescuing Emilia from the Fire," in *Peregrine Pickle*; and "Humphrey Clinker preaching to the Felons at Clerkenwell," in *Humphrey Clinker*. From 1793—7 Rowlandson published



Judas Iscariot



Demosthenes

RIVAL CANDIDATES.



Humboldt

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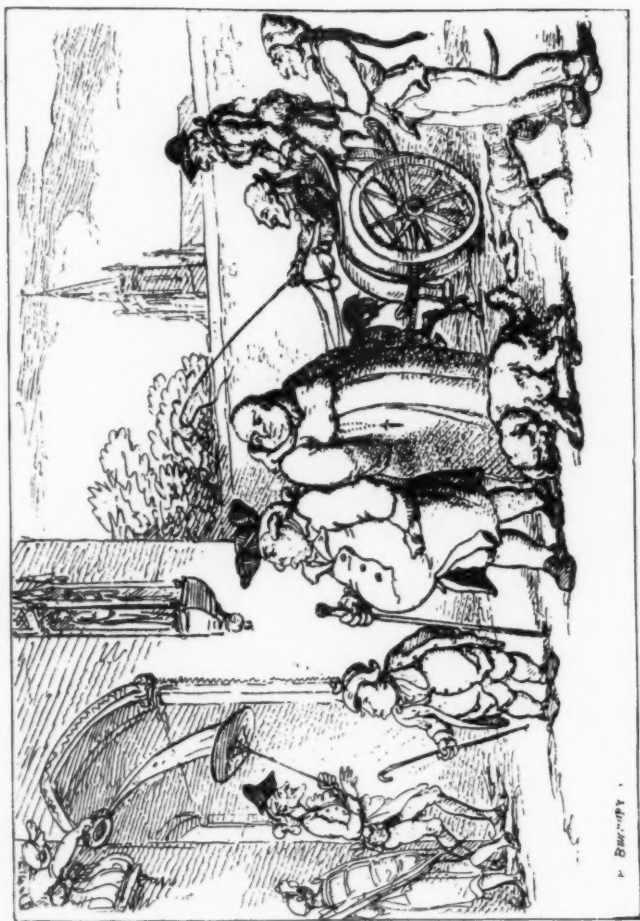
very little, and, I think, a good part of this time he must have made some visits to the Continent.

In 1798 the following works were issued, "Comforts of Bath," twelve plates; "Admiral Nelson Recruiting with his Brave Tars after the Glorious Battle of the Nile;" "The Glorious Victory obtained over the French Fleet off the Nile, the 1st August, 1798, by the Gallant Admiral Lord Nelson of the Nile;" and "Views of London," six plates, entrances from the principal turnpikes into London. Grego says, "They are of great merit." I have only seen one, viz., View 5, "Entrance from Mile End, or White Chapple Turnpike"; and if the others are equal to this, and I presume they are, then I have no hesitation in saying that their merit is very great. In 1799 some very well known series of illustrations came out, the most notable of which are, "The Cries of London," eight plates; "Hungarian and Highland Broadsword Exercise," twenty-four plates, designed and etched by Thomas Rowlandson, under the direction of Messrs. H. Angelo and Son, fencing masters to the Light Horse Volunteers of London. This book was published by Angelo himself, and I presume Rowlandson designed the illustrations out of compliment to his friend. "Loyal Volunteers of London and Environs" he also furnished with 87 illustrations, representing the manual, platoon, and funeral exercises. There are also some very good caricatures belonging to this year, such as "St. Giles's Courtship"; "Horse Accomplishments," four designs; "Effects of Bankruptcy," a large design with twelve full length figures of men, showing the expression on their faces on the receipt of the news; "Matrimonial Comforts," eight plates; and "Country Characters," twelve plates.

About this time he not only had a great deal of work, etching his own designs, but his skill in that direction procured him plenty of commissions to etch other people's,

amongst which the best known are, George Moutard Woodward, Henry Bunbury, Henry Wigstead, and John Nixon. The collector of Rowlandson's prints comes across a very large number designed by Woodward and etched by Rowlandson, and in nearly every case, whether the design be by Woodward, Bunbury, Wigstead, Nixon, or others, if Rowlandson etched, he managed to impress his own individuality on the plate. From 1800 to 1808 he was fully employed turning off a succession of amusing caricatures mostly published by Rudolph Ackermann (who employed him to the last), S. W. Fores, and Rowlandson himself, at his residence, 1, James Street, Adelphi. In 1807, Thomas Tegg, of Cheapside, commenced to employ him, and published a good few works illustrated by Rowlandson, and also a great many loose caricatures in *Tegg's Caricature Magazine*, which he commenced to issue in 1810, and extended over a few years. This magazine contains about 180 of Rowlandson's etchings. The principal works illustrated from 1800 to 1808 are, "Remarks on a Tour to North and South Wales in the year 1797," by Henry Wigstead, with plates by Thomas Rowlandson, &c., in 1800; "A Series of Views in Cornwall, Dorset," &c., in 1805; a small edition of "Annals of Horsemanship and Academy for Grown Horsemen," in 1808.

In this year (1808) was published the *Microcosm of London*, with illustrations by Pugin and Rowlandson. In the introduction of this work occurs the following paragraph: "The architectural part of the subjects that are contained in this work, will be delineated, with the utmost precision and care, by Mr. Pugin, whose uncommon accuracy and elegant taste have been displayed in his former productions. With respect to the figures, they are from the pencil of Mr. Rowlandson, with whose professional talents the public are already so well acquainted, that it is



ENGLISHMAN AT PARIS.

By permission of Mr. Grego.]

not necessary to expatiate on them here. As the following list comprises almost every variety of character that is found in this great metropolis, there will be ample scope for the exertion of his abilities; and it will be found that his powers are not confined to the ludicrous, but that he can vary with his subject, and whenever it is necessary, descend

From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

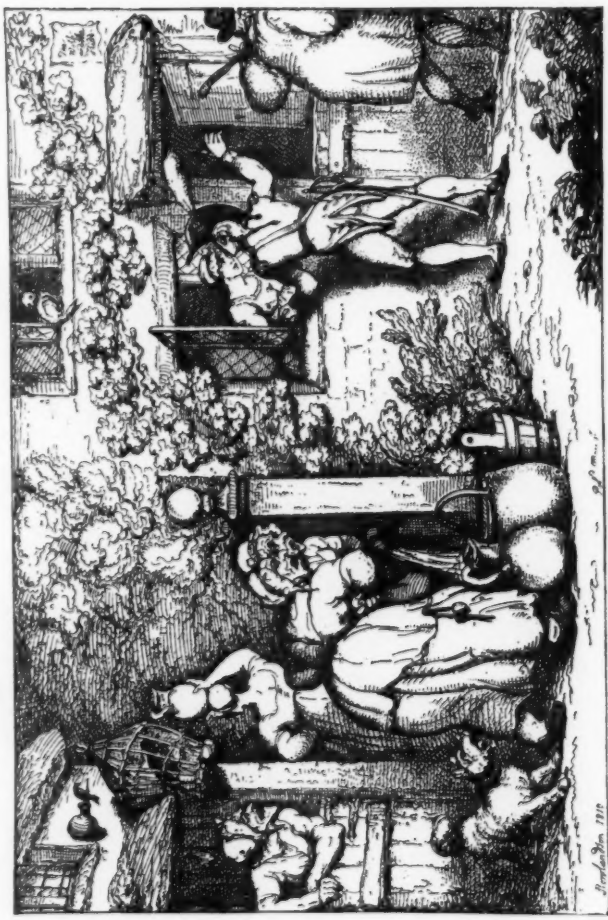
This publication was first issued on January 1st, 1808, and was completed November 1st, 1809. It contains 104 plates, of exteriors and interiors of all the principal buildings in London of that day, and to me, personally, is the most interesting of all the books published on London in the earlier portion of this century, and I consider this book as one of Rowlandson's best productions. Of course it must be borne in mind that the plates in this book are not altogether the handiwork of Rowlandson, and a great deal of praise must be awarded to Pugin for his share of the work, which, to my mind, is the more considerable of the two. A good deal of the interest of the present day taken in this book is on account of its containing graphic delineations of the manners of the time, and possessing views of places and institutions which are now obsolete, amongst such being "The Pillory at Charing Cross," "Bartholomew Fair, with Richardson's Show," "King's Bench and Fleet Prisons," and "The Royal Cockpit" in the Birdcage Walk, St. James's Park, and others too numerous to mention. *An Essay on the Art of Ingeniously Tormenting*, designed by G. M. Woodward, Esq., and etched by Rowlandson, belongs to the year 1808. There are five plates displaying the different degrees of torment men and women are subject to, and both the drawings, and the words accompanying them, are very humorous.

In 1809 the bulk of Rowlandson's caricatures had

reference to the scandals arising from the conduct of Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke and the Duke of York. There are a good many of these caricatures, and they are published by Thomas Tegg.

Butler's *Hudibras*, five etchings by Rowlandson, after Hogarth's designs; Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, *Beauties of Sterne*, *The Adventures of the Renowned Baron Munchausen*, *Annals of Sporting*, and *Advice to Sportsmen*, were all brought out this year.

It was in this year that the idea of bringing out a monthly magazine with illustrations was mooted, and the result was the *Poetical Magazine*, which appeared May 1st, 1809, and was concluded May 1st, 1811. In this publication appeared, under the title of "The Schoolmaster's Tour," the celebrated *Doctor Syntax*, the verses written by William Coombe, a man well known at that day but very little at this, and the illustrations by Rowlandson. The success which attended this Tour in Search of the Picturesque was altogether beyond the expectation of either publisher, artist, or author. The plates to the *Poetical Magazine* were worn away with the demand on them, and had to be renewed. In 1812 The Tour was published separately under the title, *The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, with thirty-one illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson, a fresh set of plates being etched with but very slight variations; and these in turn proved insufficient to supply the number required by the public. The demand continued for years, and up to 1820 the Tour had gone through nine editions. This great success emboldened the projectors to commence a Second Tour, which was entitled *The Second Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of Consolation*. This appeared in monthly parts, and when complete was issued in one volume, with twenty-four illustrations. The Second Tour had also a great success, and went through



KISSING FOR LOVE.

By permission of Mr. G. G. G.

two editions immediately. This was followed in 1821 by *The Third Tour in Search of a Wife*, which concludes the series.

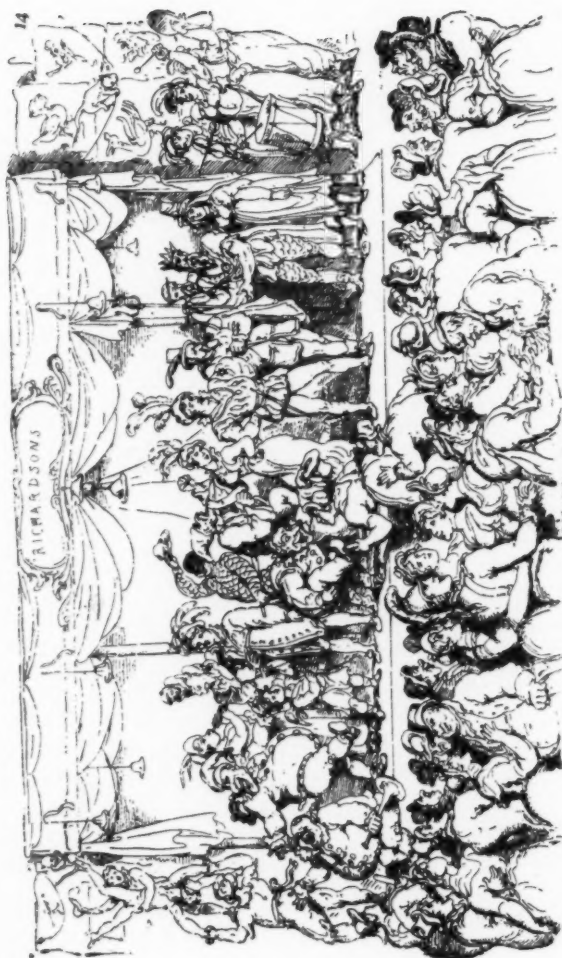
In 1810 Tegg issued his *Caricature Magazine*, which I have previously mentioned. The complete set is generally put down as containing three hundred and eighty-six plates, but I myself have a good many more than four hundred that were issued in this series, and it is a very difficult matter for anyone to say the exact number issued, as you will find duplicates, and in a few cases, three or four caricatures bearing the same number. These caricatures were issued for the mass, and must have had in their day a very large sale; but on comparing them with the plates issued by Ackermann, the comparison is all against them, as the colouring of these seems to have been put on anyhow, a dab of blue here, a dab of red there, &c., whereas the plates issued by Ackermann were coloured in imitation of the original drawings. In reference to this subject Mr. Grego says:—

These octavo prints were produced on the same principle as the superior plates after his *chef-d'œuvre* of the Academy period. A neat and carefully finished drawing of the original design was first prepared (these studies were afterwards purchased by Mr. Ackermann), and Rowlandson etched the outline sharply and clearly on the copperplate; an impression from the "bitten in" outline was printed on drawing-paper, and the artist put in his shadows, modellings of forms and sketchy distance, with Indian ink, in the most delicate handling possible. The shadows were then copied in aquatint on the outlined plate, sometimes by the designer, but in most cases by an engraver, who practised this particular branch, which a few experts were able to manipulate with considerable dexterity and nicety. Rowlandson next completed the colouring of his own Indian ink shaded impression in delicate tints, harmoniously selected; his sense of colour being of a refined order as regarded the disposal of tender shades agreeable to the eye. His aptitude in this respect is quite as remarkable as his ease of delineation; and if his outlines can be copied with any approach to deceiving the eye of a connoisseur, an attempt to imitate his colouring, simple as it remained in its characteristics, is tolerably certain to betray the fraud. The tinted impression, which was intentionally finished with greater delicacy and elaboration than the artist generally displayed, served as a copy for imitation, which was handed to Mr. Ackermann's

trained staff of colourists, the publisher finding constant employment for a number of clever persons, whom he had educated expressly for this skilled employment. These artists had worked under his auspices and personal supervision for years, until by constant practice, and the pains which were taken by the publisher to improve their abilities, they attained a degree of perfection and neatness never arrived at before and almost beyond belief in the present day when the system has fallen into comparative disuse. The assistants did their best to reproduce the effect of the original drawings, and the number of impressions required to satisfy the public must have kept them constantly at work and occasionally jeopardised their high finish.

The most prominent of his caricatures in 1811, besides the ones already noticed, were "Royal Academy, Somerset House," in which the members are studying from the nude, and "Exhibition 'Stare' Case, Somerset House." This caricature ranks among Rowlandson's cleverest conceptions, and is evidently meant to ridicule the steepness of the ascent to the Exhibition Room. The subject of this design is treated very freely, and, although too broad for the notions of the people of the present day, nevertheless it is one of Rowlandson's happiest efforts, and one in which he revels and is seen at his best. Rowlandson also issued in this year "Twelfth Night Characters," in twenty-four small plates. In 1812 Rowlandson published "Views in Cornwall," fourteen views of different places in Cornwall, which, as a whole, are like the generality of his landscapes, both very clever and pleasing.

From 1808 to 1815, Rowlandson, like most of the other caricaturists, executed a good many designs directed against Napoleon Buonaparte, and of course, like the bulk of Englishmen of that day, was very bitter against him. They have no especial merit except, if it may be called one, that of showing John Bull's hatred to the Corsican. In 1813 was published *Poetical Sketches of Scarborough*, with twenty-one engravings from designs by J. Green, and etched by T. Rowlandson. This book is one of the few that, in transferring the original designs to copper, Rowlandson



RICHARDSON'S SHOW.

By permission of Mr. G. G. G.

has not impressed his own individuality on. In fact, if Rowlandson's name were not on the title page as having etched these designs, I should hesitate to place them amongst his works. 1814 was taken up, for the most part, by his contributions to the *Caricature Magazine*, and his designs against Buonaparte.

Three of Rowlandson's better known works were published in 1815, viz., *The Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome*, with an account of his campaigns in the Peninsula and in Pall Mall, with sketches by Rowlandson, and notes by an officer. The illustrations to this work, of which there are fifteen, are not up to Rowlandson's usual standard. *The Grand Master, or Adventures of Qui Hi in Hindostan*, with twenty-eight engravings by Rowlandson. The last of the trio, *Naples and the Campagna Felice*, in a series of letters, with illustrations by Rowlandson (reprinted from *Ackermann's Repository of Arts*, 1810—13). The plates to this work are very carefully reproduced, and some of them are in Rowlandson's best style, such as "Don Luigi meets Donna Anna in the Museum," "Don Luigi's Ball," "A Bacchanalian scene at Don Luigi's Ball," and "The Letter Writer."

In 1816 he published *World in Miniature*, consisting of groups of figures for the illustration of landscape scenery. This book contains forty illustrations, very much diversified in character. It seemed to me a very pleasing volume, and contains some very nice scenes, especially of landscape. In this year was completed *The English Dance of Death*, in two volumes, with seventy-two plates. This work was issued in monthly parts from 1814 to 1816, and was conducted in the same way as *Doctor Syntax*, viz., Rowlandson produced the designs, and William Coombe accompanied them with metrical illustrations, a mode of procedure which had been so successful in the aforesaid work. As a sustained

effort this is Rowlandson's masterpiece. In this work, which, after *Doctor Syntax*, is Rowlandson's best known production, Death is ubiquitous, and knocks at every door alike. The seventy-two subjects which Rowlandson has conceived, and which show his great inventive powers, are too numerous for me to name one by one, but a short analysis may be offered of a few. Plate 3, Vol. I., "The Last Chase." In this plate the dogs have just run the stag down, and the huntsmen are trying to be in at the death, Death himself, on a skeleton steed, leads them over a precipice, and instead of being in at the stag's end they are in at their own. The conception of this is very good, as is also the drawing and colouring. Plate 6, Vol. I., "The Shipwreck:"—

The dangers of the ocean o'er,
Death wrecks the sailors on the shore.

This plate is designed to show that after having escaped the perils of the sea, the sailors being famished perish on dry land. In this picture there are two sailors, one reclining, the other with his head in his hands, both in an emaciated condition, looking at the figure of Death sitting on a large stone on the sea shore. The figures of the men, and the expression on their faces, denote an utter misery, which to my mind could not be better portrayed. Plate 25, Vol. I., "The Death Blow:"—

How vain are all your triumphs past,
For this set-to will be your last.

This picture represents a prize-fight. One of the prize-fighters has killed the other, and just as he is bewailing the fatal result, in marches Death, who immediately has a set-to with the surviving man, scatters all the spectators, who fly as if stricken, and then gives the survivor a blow which sends him to join his fellow-pugilist. Plate 25, Vol. II., "The Fortune-Teller:"—

All fates he vowed to him were known,
And yet he could not tell his own,



THE PEA-CART.

By permission of Mr. Gropo.]

This plate shows the inside of the fortune-teller's chamber, in which are two ladies who have called to consult him, and while they are so doing, Death steps in and gets hold of the back of the chair in which the sage is sitting, overturns him and breaks his neck. These are a few specimens of the way in which Death appears, and in every plate throughout the work he is made to appear to all sorts of men, women, and children, in all kinds of conceivable and inconceivable places, showing that at the most improbable time, even when we are in the very best of health, we ought to be prepared for his visit. This work was by no means as popular as *Doctor Syntax*, the subject itself being against it; but, nevertheless, I believe it had a very fair sale, although to the best of my knowledge it has never been reprinted, there being only one (the original) edition of the book.

In 1817, *The Vicar of Wakefield* was issued, with twenty-four illustrations by Rowlandson, the best of which are—"The Dance," "The Vicar selling his Horse," "The Family Picture," "The Stage," "A Connoisseur," "The Fair Penitent," "The Vicar preaching to the Prisoners," and "The Wedding." In this year also appeared *The Dance of Life*, with twenty-six illustrations. This was brought out as a companion volume to the *Dance of Death*, but is by no means equal to that work in any way. The designs are not anything like as good; the publisher did not take as much care in producing them; and I believe, though I have not read the work, that the letterpress is very inferior.

The most notable production in 1818 was *The Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy*, with sixteen illustrations.

In 1819 there was a pamphlet published entitled *Who killed Cock Robin? A Satirical Tragedy or Hieroglyphic*

Prophecy on the Manchester Blot!!! printed and published by John Calmuc, containing twenty-three pages and five etchings, including a plate of Manchester massacre by T. Rowlandson.

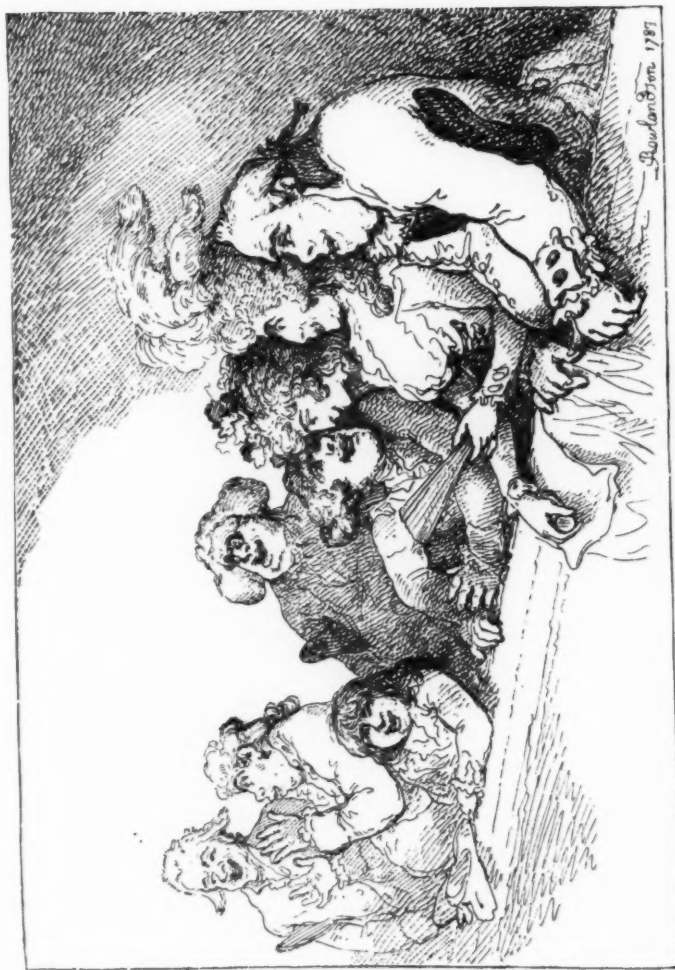
In 1820 appeared *Rowlandson's Characteristic Sketches of the Lower Orders*, intended as a companion to the new Picture of London, consisting of fifty-four plates, neatly coloured. The preface to this book runs as follows:—

The British public must be already acquainted with numerous productions from the inimitable pencil of Mr. Rowlandson, who has particularly distinguished himself in this department. There is so much truth and genuine feeling in his delineations of human character, that no one can inspect the present collection without admiring his masterly style of drawing and admitting his just claim to originality.

The great variety of countenance, expression, and situation, evince an active and lively feeling, which he has so happily infused into the drawings, as to divest them of that broad caricature, which is too conspicuous in the works of those artists who have followed his manner. Indeed, we may venture to assert that, since the time of Hogarth, no artist has appeared in this country who could be considered his superior, or even his equal.

Ten of these fifty-four plates have been produced in facsimile in a book lately published by Field and Tuer, called *London Cries*. The *Second Tour of Dr. Syntax*, previously mentioned, appeared in this year. The *Third Tour of Dr. Syntax* appeared in 1821, as did also *Journal of Sentimental Travels in the Southern Province of France shortly before the Revolution*, with seventeen illustrations by Rowlandson, the best of which are—"Searched by Douaniers on the French Frontier," "Arrival in Paris," "Liberality to infirm Beggars on leaving Yvri," "Pleasures of a Poste aux ânes," and "Mistake at Cavailion."

In 1822 was published *The History of Johnny Quee Genus*, the little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax. A poem by the author of the Three Tours, with twenty-four illustrations by Rowlandson. This is the last work of the collaborateurs, Coombe and Rowlandson, and is intended to



COMEDY SPECTATORS.

By permission of Mr. Origo.

represent the life of an English Gil Blas. This contains some very good designs, such as "Quæ Genus with a Quack Doctor," "Quæ Genus officiating at a Gaming House," and "Quæ Genus with a Portrait Painter." Rowlandson published this year "Sketches from Nature," containing seventeen designs of scenes mostly lain in Cornwall, Dorset, and Devon.

In 1823 Mr. Ackermann issued the *Three Tours of Dr. Syntax* in three volumes, 16mo, with all Rowlandson's plates executed on a smaller scale, to suit those persons who would like to carry the work in their pockets.

In 1824 Rowlandson contributed eleven designs to the *Spirit of the Public Journals*. These were engraved on wood, and I think it was the first occasion of their being so treated. In 1825 *The English Spy* appeared with colored engravings, done, for the most part, by Robert Cruikshank. Mr. Grego says:—

Very little is offered of Rowlandson's beyond the advertisement of his name, as there is only one full page illustration, and that undeniably the most interesting to be found in the entire contents of the two volumes. The plate referred to is R. A. Y's., of Genius Reflecting on the True Line of Beauty at the Life Academy, Somerset House.

This is, no doubt, a very admirable plate, but, in asserting that it is the only one, Grego is in error, as there is another, and that also an excellent one, entitled "Jemmy Gordon's Frolic, or Cambridge Gambols at Peter House." This was the last book containing illustrations by Rowlandson issued in his lifetime. In 1831, four years after his death, Mr. Ackermann selected fifty unpublished designs out of his portfolio, and had them engraved on wood, and issued them in a publication entitled *The Humorist*; but Rowlandson's designs do not lend themselves well to that species of engraving, and, to my mind, Mr. Ackermann would have done better if he had kept his drawings in his portfolio.

The prints named may fairly be styled the cream of his

publications. Besides the designs for those that were printed, he must have done hundreds, if not thousands, that have never been published in any form whatever. The number of drawings and printed caricatures he has left behind, prove him to have been not only an indefatigable, but a very quick workman. There is ample evidence to show that in his early days he studied hard, and, if it had not been for his learning and genius for caricature, he would have been not only a good portrait painter, but a good landscape painter into the bargain. It may be rank heresy to say so, but for my part, I am sincerely glad that he broke aloof from the strict path of art and took the course he did. English caricature could not spare him. England has produced, during the last 150 years, numbers of good artists in the proper sense of the term; but of caricaturists that stand in the very highest rank during the same period of time, she has produced only those that can be counted on one hand, viz., Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gillray, George Cruikshank, and last, but not least, John Leech. The greatest objection to Rowlandson's work is, in a great many cases, its coarseness. He lived in an age which could appreciate such things, and of course he drew for the age he lived in; but, nevertheless, a great deal of his work is indefensible. He was strong in a point in which caricaturists are generally weak, viz., in landscapes. Some of his landscape drawings are especially good. Of course they are only sketches, not finished drawings; but they are exceedingly clever, and it was in that direction that George Cruikshank had the greatest opinion of Rowlandson's great merit. Perhaps, with the exception of the late John Leech, there has been no one that could pourtray so much with so little effort.

Mr. William Bates, writing on Rowlandson in *Notes and Queries*, remarks:—

In originality of humour, vigour, colour, drawing, and composition, he exhibits talents which might, but for the recklessness and dissipation of his character, his want of moral purpose, and his unrestrained tendency to exaggerate and caricature, have enabled him to rank with the highest names in the annals of art. In his tinted drawings with the reed pen, as in the productions of his inimitable and too facile needle, his subjects seem to extend over the whole domain of art, and remind one in turn of the free and luxuriant outlines of Rubens, the daring anatomy of Mortimer, the rustic truth and simplicity of Morland, the satiric humour of Hogarth, and perhaps even the purity and tender grace of Stothard. I have seen artists stand astounded before the talent of his works, and marvel at their own utter ignorance of one whose genius and powers were so consummately great.

Little is known of Rowlandson's personal habits, but there is no doubt that the man is foreshadowed in his works, and that the scenes he has depicted were those that he was very well acquainted with. As regards his personal appearance, Mr. Grego says:—

His figure we learn, was large, well set up, muscular, and above the average height; in fact, his person was a noticeable one. His features were regular and defined, his eye remarkably full and fearless, his glance being described as penetrating and suggestive of command, his mouth and chin expressed firmness and resolution; the general impression conveyed to a stranger by his countenance, which was undeniably fine and striking in its characteristics, was that of the inflexibility of the owner.

Two or three portraits of the caricaturist are traceable, besides numerous burlesque transfers of his own effigy to his imaginary personages. In common with Cruikshank, Thackeray, and many other humorists of the brush and etching needle, he was prone to introduce the presentment of his own lineaments in whimsical juxtapositions. The most generally recognised likeness, from which a separate plate has been published by Mr. Parker, occurs in a clever eccentric drawing exhibited by the artist at the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1787, under the title of "Countrymen and Sharpers" (No. 555).

At the time Rowlandson sent his drawing of "Countrymen and Sharpers" for exhibition he was thirty-one years of age, and according to the portrait, looks manhood personified, with a fine comely figure, and a face that imprints itself on the recollection. His hair, in a profusion of wavy tresses, worn long and clubbed, as was the fashion of the period. His bold and piercing eyes set under massive and somewhat prominent brows.

"The Chamber of Genius" appeared in 1812, with the appropriate quotation—

Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And genius in rage is turned to ridicule.

The head of the caricaturist is strongly defined on the shoulders of the gifted occupant of a garret, and the likeness is just what might be supposed from the countenance as given in 1787, viewed through the intervening quarter of a century of struggles and disenchantments, when cares of the hour, and incidental anxieties touching provision for the future, had commenced to take the place of the artist's original hardihood. There is also a portrait by John Thomas Smith, keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum. This was taken when Rowlandson was seventy, just one year before his death.

From the *Gentleman's Magazine* of September, 1800, it appears that Thomas Rowlandson, Esq., of Watling Street, espoused Miss Stuart, daughter of George Stuart, Esq., of The Grove, Camberwell, Surrey. No further reference of his marriage has come under notice, nor is it known whether he had any children. I have two drawings which were sold to me as being bought at the sale of his effects at Sotheby's, in June, 1828, the property of his widow; and if that is correct, it goes to prove that his wife survived him.

Rowlandson 'was not only the illustrator of *Doctor Syntax*, *Dance of Death*, and a few other works, which is what he generally gets credit for, but he has done a whole host of good work besides. His first known illustration bears the date 1774, but he did not commence to publish much until 1784, and went on continuously until 1825, a period of 51 years, during 40 of which he was continually before the public. It is a difficult matter to say how many designs he published; there is an all but complete list in Grego's *Life of Rowlandson*. As to the number of drawings left behind him, it would be impossible to give even an approximate idea, as the number is so very large and they have been so widely dispersed. Mr. Harvey, of St. James Street, had a collection of Rowlandson's prints which numbers over 1,900 pieces. This is the largest number known. If any one desire any further information as to Rowlandson himself, or to his works, Grego's

Life of Rowlandson is simply invaluable. Four supplements have been published in the *Graphic*—"Parliamentary Elections and Electioneering in the Old Days," by Joseph Grego. They contain reproductions after Hogarth, Gillray, Rowlandson, George Cruikshank, &c., and are very valuable to any one interested in caricature art.

I must express my thanks to those gentlemen who have so kindly allowed me to inspect their collections of Rowlandson's works, whether drawings or prints. I must also express my great indebtedness to Mr. Grego, not only for valuable information received from him, but also for the loan of some very choice specimens of Rowlandson's works.





THE LAST OF THE ALE-TASTERS.

BY THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

THE office of ale-taster or ale-conner, as is well known, is a very ancient one, extending as far back as Saxon times. Doubtless it had its origin with that shrewd, frugal, calculating, paunch-loving people. There is nothing of the Celtic element in its character. The Celt, to this day, is too spiritualistic, too precipitate, too mercurial to cater largely for the stomach; the Saxon is of the earth, earthy.

It was the business of those who filled the post to insure that the ale or beer brewed and sold, or offered for sale, within their district was good and wholesome, and of the proper strength. Clearly, the office was considered one of much importance in early times. The responsibility was great, and the confidence reposed in the judgment and honesty of the officer equally so. He appears to have depended chiefly, if not solely, on his fine critical taste for enabling him to decide on the quality of the beverage. Before the authorities, his evidence as against an offender was unquestioned.

The appointment of ale-taster took place annually, along with those of the greave or reeve, moor and hedge-looker, hayward, bellman and officer for the assize of bread, at the Halmot Court of the Lord of the Honor or Manor. The oath taken by the ale-taster on assuming his duties was as follows:—

“You shall swear that you shall well and truly serve the King’s Majesty and the Lord of this Leet in the office of ale-taster; you shall have diligent care during the time of your being in office to all the brewers and tipplers within your

office, that they and every one of them do make good and wholesome ale and beer for man's body, and that the same be not sold before it be assayed by you, and then to be sold according to the prices limited and appointed by the King's Justices of the Peace; and all faults committed or done by the brewers or tiplers, or by any of them, you shall make known and present the same at this court, whereby due punishment may be inflicted upon them for their offences accordingly, and in every other thing you shall well and truly behave yourself in the said office for this year to come. So help you God."

In the early days the punishment for brewing and publicly exhibiting bad ale was either a fine or a two hours' seat upon the cucking or cuck stool, before the culprit's own door; the drink, if pronounced by a discriminating judge to be *undrinkable*, being handed over to the poor folk.

The late Richard Taylor, of Bacup, the Rossendale ale-taster, may with propriety be described as "the last of the ale-tasters." As such he deserves a word of commemoration—"Spindle Dick" he was usually called. The writer knew him personally, and had many a confab with him. Dick and his idiosyncrasies are referred to in the *History of Rossendale*. Since that work was written, poor Dick has gone to render his account to a higher Court than that of the Lord of the Honor. He was a fellow of infinite humour, not wanting in sound judgment, but with that kind of twist in his nature that never would allow him for two minutes at a spell to treat any subject in a serious mood. His proper calling was that of a spindle-maker, hence his sobriquet of "Spindle Dick"; a rare workman at his trade when he chose, and in his soberer hours.

In his hands there was nothing incongruous or far-fetched in the office of ale-taster. Its duties, incrust-

with the antiquity of centuries, came as naturally to him as though he had been living in the time of the Heptarchy, and was to the manner born. The incongruity was when he forsook, as he occasionally did, his ale-tasting labours, and applied himself assiduously to his business of spindle making.

Poor Dick Taylor! I always felt grateful to his personality, and to the humour which girt him round. He was a link that bound us to the past, a kind of embodied poetical idea in keeping with the ancient forest and its traditions. I have more than half a suspicion that he must have been lying dormant for centuries in the muniment room of Clitheroe Castle; and, like Rip Van Winkle, awoke at length to resume his interrupted duties. I never conversed with him without being carried in imagination back to bygone times; and on such occasions it was with a half resentful feeling of annoyance that the proximity of a later—shall we be justified in saying a higher?—civilization, in the guise of a smoky factory chimney, dispelled the illusion.

After all, it is only in a district like Rossendale that such an interesting relic of the olden time could have survived. To me, when I first knew them, the old people of Rossendale always seemed to differ in many respects from the people of other districts. This was not due to any single cause, there was a variety of circumstances which contributed to the result; but the chief cause, in my opinion, is to be found in the natural character and formation of the district. By reason of its hills and the wide reaching moorlands that environ it on every side, it was in earlier days, before the advent of the railway, removed to a large extent from contact with the outer world and the changing fashions and tendencies of wider social conditions. The older representatives of whom I speak are fast dying out;

and the younger generation has lost, or is losing, the distinguishing characteristics of the race.

At one time in his career Dick kept a beerhouse, the sign over the door being a representation of the Globe, with the head and shoulders of a man protruding through it, and underneath it the legend, "Help me through this world!" By way of counteracting any bad moral effects that arose from his vending of beer on week days, he taught a Bible class in a room over the beershop on Sundays. He christened one of his sons "Gentleman," Gentleman Taylor, being determined, as he said, to have one Gentleman in the family, whatever else.

When in the discharge of the functions of his curious calling of ale-taster, Dick carried in his coat pocket a pewter gill measure of his own fashioning, of peculiar old-world shape, with a turned ebony wood handle in the form of a cross that projected straight from the middle of the side. This symbol of his office was secured by a leathern thong about half a yard in length, one end being round the handle, the other through a button-hole in his coat. After a day's official work he might occasionally be seen, with unsteady gait, wending his way up the lane to his domicile on the hill side, with the gill measure dangling below his knee.

Not unfrequently he had to appear before the Bench for being drunk and incapable, and though he was sometimes mulcted in a fine and costs, as often as not some smart sally of wit won the admiration and sympathy of the "great Unpaid," who let him down as softly as their sense of duty would permit. Dick on those occasions would declare that it was his legs only, and not his head that was drunk, which I am inclined to believe was true. He would also assert that, like a barrel, he was easily upset when only partially filled, but when full to the bung, and

end up, he was steady as a rock. As a matter of fact, however, he was not a heavy drinker, whatever his detractors may say to the contrary. His centre of gravity was displaced by a very limited supply of the beverage.

Regularly as the month of October came round, Dick put in an appearance at the Halmot Court of the Lord of the Manor or Honor, held at Haslingden, was reinstated in his office with due formality, and dined with the other officials of the court when the formal business was concluded.

The following (from the *History of the Forest of Rossendale*) is a copy of a memorial presented by him in October, 1864, to the Court Leet. It contains some touches of dry humour highly characteristic of the man.

"To the Foreman and Jury of the Halmot Court at Haslingden.

"The respectful Memorial of your energetic Ale-Taster for Rossendale, Richard Taylor.

"Gentlemen,—From a natural bashfulness, and being unaccustomed to public speaking, which my friends tell me is a very fortunate circumstance, I am induced to lay my claims before your Honourable Court in writing, hoping you will give them your most favourable consideration.

"The appointment which I hold is a very ancient one, dating, as you are aware, from the time of good King Alfred, when the jury at the Court Leet appointed their headboroughs, tithing-man, bursholder, and Ale-Taster, which appointments were again regulated in the time of Edward III., and through neglect this important office to a beer-imbibing population ought not to be suffered to fall into disrepute or oblivion.

"In Rossendale there are countless numbers of practical followers of the school to which that illustrious Dutchman Mynheer Van Dunck belonged, and while they imbibe less

brandy they make up for it in beer. To some Rossendale men, indeed, beer is meat, drink, washing, and lodging; and do away with the office of Ale-Taster, an inferior quality of the beverage may be sold, and the consequent waste of tissue amongst the working classes would be something awful to contemplate. Your Honourable Court, then, cannot but perceive the vast importance of my office.

"With the spread of intelligence in Rossendale there has been a proportionate increase of licensed public-houses and beershops, which has created a corresponding amount of responsibility in my duties. At the time when Rossendale was a forest, and a squirrel could jump from one tree to another, from Sharneyford to Rawtenstall, without touching the ground, the office of Ale-Taster was no doubt a sinecure. For three years I have upheld the dignity of your Honourable Court as Ale-Taster without emolument, stipend, fee, or perquisite of any kind. I have even been dragged before a subordinate court and fined five shillings and costs whilst fulfilling the duties of my office. My great services should receive some slight acknowledgment at your hands, and thus would be secured the upright discharge of those duties you expect me to fulfil, and my imperial gill measure, which I carry along with me as my baton of office, should bear the seal of your Honourable Court. Praying for your kind consideration, I beg to submit this my third annual report. In my district are fifty-five licensed public-houses and sixty-five beer-houses. The quality of the beer retailed at these houses is generally good, and calculated to prevent the deterioration of tissue, and I do not detect any signs of adulteration. The only complaint I have to make is of the quality of the ales sold at Newchurch during the week in which 'Kirk Fair' is held; they are not then quite up to the mark in point of strength and flavour; but this is a

specialty, and it is the only specialty I feel bound to comment upon, excepting that which immediately concerns your obedient servant, Richard Taylor, Ale-Taster for that part of Her Majesty's dominions known as Rossendale."

On a later occasion Mr. Taylor sent in his resignation to the court as follows:—

"To the Foreman and Jury of the Halmot Court at Haslingden.—Gentlemen,—I respectfully, but firmly, tender my resignation as Ale-Taster of the Forest, an office which I have held for seven years without any salary or fee of any description. During that period I have done my duty both to his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch* and to the inhabitants generally. From feelings of humanity I refrain from suggesting any one as my successor, for unless he possesses an iron constitution, if he does his duty to the appointment, he will either be a dead man before the next court day, or he will have to retire with a shattered constitution."

The court, however, declined to entertain Mr. Taylor's petition, and reappointed him to the office he had so long filled with so much credit to himself, though with very questionable benefit, and to the advantage of the many thirsty souls within his jurisdiction.

Notwithstanding the remark at the opening of the petition, Dick, as a matter of fact, was not altogether unused to public speaking. At town's meetings he frequently held forth, and his rising was always welcomed as the signal for some sensible as well as humorous and sarcastic remarks.

The reference to "Kirk Fair" and to the quality of the ale sold there on these occasions will be appreciated. I do not know what the fair may be now, but within my

* His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch is Lord of the Honor of Clitheroes, of which the Forest of Rossendale constitutes a part.

recollection the streets of the village for three successive days were thronged with a surging mass of people on pleasure bent. As many of these came long distances in the heat of the summer, with their parched throats and high spirits, they were naturally less critical of the quality of their drink than at ordinary times, and the publicans, with what amount of truth beyond the declaration of the official ale-taster I am not prepared to vouch, were suspected of taking advantage of the circumstances to thin down their ales.

The post of ale-taster, though still nominally maintained, is in reality obsolete, and could not be revived, even in out of the way places, without committing an anachronism. Even in Dick Taylor's day the office was looked upon as belonging to the past—a relic of a bygone age in which a different social system to the present prevailed. It belonged to the days of stocks and pillories, of ducking and cucking stools and scolds' bridles, of sluggard wakeners and dog whippers. *Tempora mutantur*. It needed a genial humorist to assume the duties of the office in this latter half of the nineteenth century, and a vulgar imitator would find no favour.

In a wide and populous district the duties, when conscientiously performed, were more than mortal stomach could bear unharmed, even though the paunch were like that of Falstaff, which Dick's was not, and leaving out of account the temptations which beset such an official. Dick took to ale-tasting as a jest, though he performed his duties with an imperturbable gravity that enhanced the fun of the situation. Keen as was his taste for ale, he had a keener relish for the humour of the position. Alas! it was joking perilously near to the edge of a precipice. The last of the ale-tasters died, a martyr to duty, on the 10th day of October, 1876. *Sic itur ad astra*.

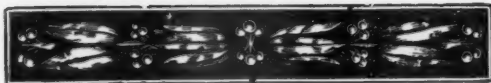


THE CUCKOO.

BY FRANCIS ERNEST BRADLEY.

APRIL, with gales unwonted, reigned in state,
The thin-clad boughs scarce held their murmuring,
And timidly the long-expected Spring
Mute on the threshold stood disconsolate,
Grieving that naught of comfort could she bring,
For Winter lingered uncompassionate.
Through all the woods with grief reverberate,
Low sang the birds as though sweet Hope were dead.
When lo! the cuckoo came with joy elate,
Tuning his note upon the mournful air
With "Welcome, welcome;" and the greeting spread
Till in it all things animate had share;
Fair Spring in gladness hearing raised her head;
And, filled with dark foreboding, Winter fled.





WOMEN AS SONNETEERS.

BY C. E. TYRER.

IT is sometimes said, and said with a certain plausibility, that difficult as it is for men to submit to the restrictions of the sonnet-form and to produce really good work in that narrow field, it must be doubly difficult, if not well nigh impossible, for women to do so. But when the critic goes further and proceeds to assert that, as a matter of fact, women have written very few good sonnets, it can easily be shown that he is in error; and to do this is the object of the following brief sketch.

At the outset, it may be admitted that the sonnets of women, like the rest of their poetry, are, as a rule, intensely personal in character, and are the outcome of deep emotion rather than of intellectual or imaginative power. We should look in vain among their sonnets for one with the condensed vigour of Milton's "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," or with the rude strength (as of a statue hewn out of the mountain granite) of Tennyson's "Montenegro," or with the high imaginative vision of Keats' "Chapman's Homer," or breathing the intellectual calm of Matthew Arnold's "Quiet Work." But to say this is not to say that women have not produced much that is beautiful in this department of poetry; and in fact many of their sex, whose fame as poetesses is deservedly the highest, have been very partial to this form, and have chosen it as the vehicle for some of their best work. In particular I would refer to the most eminent of Italian poetesses, Vittoria Colonna; to the greatest among our own, if not the greatest in all literature, Elizabeth Barrett Browning;

and, likewise (though her work in this form is perhaps, comparatively, of less importance), to the chief among living English poetesses, Christina Rossetti.

Than Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa di Pescara (1490-1547), there are few more attractive or interesting figures in Italian literature. Endowed with the highest beauty, and with all the culture which that age could furnish, she added to these no mean poetical powers. Married at an early age, and attached to her husband with a devotion which has rarely been equalled, she lost him suddenly after a short but most happy married life. He died in 1525 of wounds received in the battle of Pavia, one of the crowning incidents in the deadly struggle between the Spaniards and the French for the dominion of Italy. After his death she applied herself mainly to meditation and study, and to the composition of those poems which gained for her from her admiring countrymen the title of "Diva," never before bestowed on any woman. The most interesting incident in her later life was her long and warm, but entirely pure, friendship with the great Michelangelo, who himself addressed to her some of his noblest sonnets. The three hundred and odd sonnets of Vittoria may be divided roughly into those which are devoted to the memory of her husband, or inspired by her great sorrow, and those which are the outcome of religious faith and hope. The latter (called *Rime Spirituali*) are the more numerous, comprising over two hundred sonnets. Besides those occupied with these two main themes (to which the affection, the loyalty, and the religious ardour of her nature made her continually return), there are other sonnets addressed to some of the distinguished personages of the time with whom she was acquainted. One thing, which is noticeable in many of her sonnets, is the sensibility which they show to the charms of nature. As

an instance of this take the following lines, which form the first quatrain of one of these little poems:—

Quand' io del caro scoglio miro intorno
La terra e 'l ciel nella vermiglia aurora,
Quante nebbie nel cor son nate allora,
Scaccia la vaga vista, e 'l chiaro giorno.

The "caro scoglio" here referred to is her own beloved Ischia, the island-home where her happy girlhood had been spent, and to whose beautiful solitude she now retired for relief in her great sorrow.

The poems of Vittoria are more remarkable, perhaps, for charm of versification, exquisite grace of language, and a certain plaintive sweetness, than for the highest flights of the muse. But there are occasional touches of sublimity, like the following lines on the sleepless eye of Omnipotence:—

L'occhio grande e divino ; il cui valore
Non vide, ne vedrà, ma sempre vede.

As a single example of this famous woman's sonnets, one could not perhaps do better than quote the beautiful one on Music (it is No. XXVII. in the *Rime Spirituali*, Vinegia, 1548):—

Se 'l breve suon, che sol quest' aer frale
Circonda, e move ; e l'aura che raccoglie
Lo spirto dentro, e poi l'apre, e discoglie
Soavemente in voce egra e mortale ;
Con tal dolcezza il cor sovente assale,
Che d'ogni cura vil s'erge, e ritoglie,
Sprona, accende 'l pensier, drizza le voglie
Per gir volando al ciel con leggier' ale ;
Che fia, quand' udirà con vivo zelo
La celeste armonia l'anima pura,
Sol con l'orecchia interna intenta al vero,
Dinanzi al suo Fattor nel sommo cielo,
U' non si perde mai tuono, ò misura,
Nè si discorda il bel concento altero ? *

* The closing words of this exquisite sonnet (which seems not unworthy of Petrarch himself, and is as musical in language as it is lovely in sentiment) recall irresistibly Milton's "undisturbed song of pure concent" in the noble stanzas, *At a Solemn Music*; and when we consider the Italian learning of the great Puritan poet, it seems not impossible that his words may have been unconsciously suggested by this sonnet of Vittoria's.

Next to Vittoria Colonna, the most distinguished of Italian women-sonneteers are Veronica Gamba (1485-1550), a friend of Vittoria, and, like her, widowed at an early age, and Gaspara Stampa (1524-1554). A specimen of each of these poetesses is contained in Capel Lofft's *Laura* (Sonnets 492 and 494), and the one by Gaspara, beginning *Deh, lasciate, Signor, le maggior' cure*, has, to my mind, no inconsiderable charm of expression. Examples of the sonnets of many other Italian ladies will be found near the beginning of Lofft's fifth volume.

Turning from Italy to England—from the native country of the sonnet to the land where it became most readily naturalized, and achieved some of its greatest successes—we find that few, if any, of our countrywomen seem to have been attracted to this form of verse until the latter half of the eighteenth century; at least the first name which appears in Dyce's *British Poetesses*, as the authoress of a sonnet, is Mary Robinson (1758-1800), who is followed almost immediately by Charlotte Smith. Mrs. Robinson was a prominent member of that affected and unreal school of versifiers which, arising among the English residents in Florence, and taking its name from the famous *Accademia della Crusca*, speedily passed over into England, and is now chiefly remembered from the merciless and scathing criticism which it received at the hands of Gifford. Probably the rage for sonnet writing, which seems now to have seized upon the susceptible feminine mind, was largely due to the fashion of aping Italian forms set by the Della Cruscan. The best idea of the character of these productions may probably be gained from the work just referred to—the huge anthology of sonnets formed by Capel Lofft, and published in five volumes under the title of *Laura* (London, 1814). Utterly uncritical in character, and presenting a medley of sonnets—good, bad, and indifferent,

English and Italian—arranged apparently without the faintest pretence of a system, it is yet impossible to contemplate this immense collection (probably the largest of the kind which has appeared in this country), especially if we take into account the honest enthusiasm which inspired and directed it, without a certain not disrespectful interest. In reference to the name he gave to his book, Lofft tells us in his preface that, apart from the homage intended thereby to the memory of Petrarch, he had been guided in his choice by the further consideration “that many female poets have graced this elegant department of poetry”; though if the claim of women—at least of English women—to distinction in this poetical field were to be based upon the specimens which he gives of their powers, it must be owned it would now have small chance of being allowed. It is certainly a little startling to find, for instance, *vis-à-vis* with Milton in one of his loftiest sonnets, one by Miss Sarah Watson Finch, “now Mrs. Lofft,” doubtless an excellent lady, but certainly no favourite of the Muses; and to read on the next page but one to this an effusion addressed “To Miss Sarah Watson Finch; on her Sonnets,” by her amorous swain, and conceived in this style:—

Ah! thou hast toucht the shell whose echoes roll
Beyond the waves of momentary life,
And pour undying music on the soul,
And in Elysium lull the passions' strife.

While speaking of the compiler of *Laura*, it may be worth mentioning that of the 1,100 or so of sonnets contained in four of his volumes and the appendix to another, no fewer than 302 (including translations), or considerably more than a quarter of the whole, are by Lofft himself, while his beloved Sarah contributes 41; so that he can hardly be charged with an excess of modesty in bringing his compositions before the public eye. The

number of English female sonneteers whose productions are contained in *Laura* is very considerable, the largest contributors (besides Mrs. Lofft) being Charlotte Smith, Anna Seward, Miss Williams, Mrs. Robinson, Anne Bannerman, Mrs. West, Miss Symmons, and Mrs. Opie. Though in the sonnets of many of those ladies there is occasionally a felicitous phrase, or some touch which raises their writing above mediocrity, it is only the two first of these names, and perhaps the third, which have any interest for the reader of to-day.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith (1749-1806) published the first volume of her *Elegiac Sonnets and other Poems* in 1784, and the second in 1797, and they speedily became so popular that already in 1800 a ninth edition of the first volume was called for. Of the 92 sonnets contained in these two small books very few indeed are composed after the strict Italian model; a considerable number consist, like those of Shakspere (if the association of names may be allowed), of three elegiac quatrains followed by a couplet, and many of the others are so irregular as not to admit of being ranged under any of the recognised types. They often begin well, but usually end tamely enough in some conventional sentiment or expression, very often of the most plaintive, or rather, querulous cast. The vain regrets and inconsolable woe which form the refrain of most of these little poems are apt to weary the reader and tempt him to say that the voice of genuine despair is not heard in accents like these, and that it would in any case hardly choose the sonnet-form as an habitual vehicle of utterance; but no one who reads the lady's preface to the second volume (1797) can doubt that there was in her case, at any rate, no conscious feigning. Nor, when considering the merit of these poems, must we forget Wordsworth's commendation of them, especially as showing a "true feeling for rural Nature, at a

time when Nature was not much regarded by English poets." Wordsworth's praise of these sonnets may be compared with Coleridge's early partiality for the sonnets of William Lisle Bowles. Both of these great poets could afford to be generous to any of their immediate precursors who had contributed, in however small a degree, to pluck off the web of artificiality and convention that at that time overspread poetry and the observation of nature. The best feature indeed about these sonnets is the genuine appreciation of natural objects (and especially of flowers) which they frequently show, combined with a considerable power of expressing that appreciation, though these qualities are even more prominent perhaps in the blank verse lines called "Beachy Head," than in any of the sonnets.

Such lines as these from Sonnet LXXI., "Written at Weymouth in Winter," are note-worthy, considering the time at which they written:—

The chill waves whiten in the sharp North-east,
Cold, cold the night-blast comes, with sullen sound;
And black and gloomy, like my cheerless breast,
Frowns the dark pier and lonely sea-view round.

while such a line as the following from the same sonnet,

And proud sails whiten all the summer bay

has a very modern air indeed.

Or take the following in a different strain from No. XXI.,

Spring's dewy hand on this fair summit weaves
The downy grass with tufts of Alpine flowers,
And shades the beechen slopes with tender leaves,
And leads the shepherd to his upland bowers,
Strewn with wild thyme; while slow descending showers
Feed the green ear, and nurse the future sheaves.

It is difficult, however, to find one of Mrs. Smith's sonnets which is good throughout, and worth quoting for its own sake, and opinions will differ widely as to which is the best. Warton is said to have preferred No. XXXVI. (certainly a

very characteristic specimen); Mrs. D. M. Main (*Treasury of English Sonnets*, p. 359) describes No. LXXXII. "To the Shade of Burns," as "if not in all respects the best, certainly the most masculine and interesting of her poems," while a good deal could be said in favour of the very pleasing sonnet No. LI., "Supposed to have been written in the Hebrides." I will not venture to affirm that the one quoted is the best of these little poems, or even that it is in a very high degree a good sonnet: but it has fine qualities, and is likewise noticeable from the fact that—except for a slight irregularity in the second quatrain of the octave—it conforms to the strict Italian model.

WRITTEN DURING A REMARKABLE THUNDER-STORM.

What awful pageants crowd the evening sky !
 The low horizon gathering vapours shroud ;
 Sudden from many a deep-embattled cloud
 Terrific thunders burst, and lightnings fly—
 While in serenest azure, beaming high,
 Night's regent, of her calm pavilion proud,
 Gilds the dark shadows that beneath her lie,
 Unvex'd by all their conflicts fierce and loud.
 So, in unsullied dignity elate,
 A spirit conscious of superior worth,
 In placid elevation firmly great,
 Scorns the vain cares that give contention birth ;
 And blest with peace above the shocks of fate,
 Smiles at the tumult of the troubled earth.

The writings of Anna Seward (1747-1809) are not much regarded now-a-days, though they procured for her a great local and contemporary reputation as a literary lady, and were even admired (and edited) by Sir Walter Scott. Her sonnets want the softer graces and melancholy charm of Charlotte Smith's, but show somewhat more intellectual energy and interest, and are, besides, more regular in form. One described as "Written at Buxton, in a rainy season," and beginning "From these wild heights, where oft the mists descend," shows a fine feeling for the wilder aspects

of nature; and the following will appeal to all who have had a similar experience. The spires referred to are those of the cathedral of Lichfield, where Miss Seward resided:—

DECEMBER MORNING, 1782.

I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light
 (Winter's pale dawn); and as warm fires illumine
 And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
 Through misty windows bend my musing sight,
 Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white
 With shutters closed peer faintly through the gloom
 That slow recedes; while yon gray spires assume,
 Rising from their dark pile, an added height
 By indistinctness given: then to decree
 The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
 To friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
 Wisdom's rich page. O hours more worth than gold;
 By whose blest use we lengthen life, and, free
 From drear decays of age, outlive the old.

The name of Helen Maria Williams (1762-1828) is now preserved by virtue of a single sonnet, "To Hope," which has found its way into most of the sonnet anthologies, and opens with a fine line, "O ever skilled to wear the form we love!" The poetess, with a not unnatural pride, records the fact that Wordsworth, when he visited her in Paris, repeated this sonnet to her from memory, after a lapse of many years.

Mary Tighe (1773-1810) is now chiefly remembered as the authoress of *Psyche*, a poem in the Spenserian stanza, which was much praised at the time, and is thought by some to have even influenced Keats. The sonnet, "Written at Killarney, July 29, 1800" (quoted by Mr. Main in his Notes, p. 392) shows, like several of those of Mrs. Smith and Miss Seward, an appreciation of the beauties of mountain scenery which, as we are at least accustomed to think, was rare at that time.

The sonnets of Mrs. Hemans (1794-1835) are often very beautiful, though, perhaps, like all the productions of that

pure and gentle spirit, somewhat wanting in vigour and sustained intellectual power. Mr. Main, in his admirable *Treasury*, quotes five of her sonnets, including the fine "Flight of the Spirit" and "Sabbath Sonnet," but omitting the one addressed "To the River Clwyd," which seems to me as beautiful as any of these, and which I append here.

O Cambrian river, with slow music gliding
By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruin'd towers;
Now midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,
Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers;
Long flow'd the current of my life's calm hours
Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,
Though time and change, and other mightier powers,
Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth stream!
Art winding still thy sunny meads along,
Murmuring to cottage and grey hall thy song,
Low, sweet, unchanged. My being's tide hath pass'd
Through rocks and storms; yet will I not complain,
If thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
Brightly its waves may reach their parent deep at last.

We now come to the greatest name in the roll of English poetesses, if not indeed of the poetesses of all ages and climes—Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1809-61). There is perhaps a tendency nowadays to give to this peerless "lyric woman" (to quote a phrase of her husband's) somewhat less than is her due. Too much stress is laid on the extraordinary laxity which she sometimes allowed herself in the matter of rhymes—a defect certainly, and sometimes a serious flaw in otherwise noble work; but which, on her part, was probably due less to poverty of resources, than to a rashly adopted theory as to what was permissible licence in rhyming. While in this way doing herself an injustice, and running counter to the modern craving after artistic perfection of form, she has further come into contact with the critical spirit of our age, by what seems to some an excess of emotional fervour. It is also possible that the rise to fame and popularity of a still greater woman, though

certainly not greater poetess, has done something to eclipse her renown; so that instead of being regarded as the chief among our women of letters, that place is now usually accorded to George Eliot. The first noticeable feature about Mrs. Browning's sonnets is that they show little of that looseness in the matter of rhyme-endings which mars much of her other work, such, *e.g.*, as "The Dead Pan." That she should have chosen the sonnet-form to enshrine so many of her deepest thoughts and feelings is in itself remarkable; and when it is considered that she almost always follows one of the strict Italian types, and very rarely, if ever, allows herself any further liberty in the matter of rhymes than those slight imperfections in the final vowel sounds which the poverty of our language in perfect rhymes almost renders necessary, the strange caprices so often displayed in her other poems become all the more singular and regrettable. Chief in interest come the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which, as a slightly veiled record of the most interesting passage in her life, must always possess a peculiar interest and fascination. Each of these forty-four sonnets is in itself a beautiful little poem, and helps likewise, somewhat like the separate strains in "In Memoriam," to build up a perfect whole, forming one of the most exquisitely tender love-confessions ever made in verse. Perhaps the only defect which these sonnets have, as sonnets, is that there is often a want of that clear break at the end of the eighth line in the thought and the words—that unmistakeable distinction of octave and sestet—which is required by the strict laws of sonnet-writing. To fix on a single specimen in such a row of brilliants is no easy matter. I have chosen one which is not often quoted, and which though beautiful is not perhaps more so than a score of others which might be named.

XIX.

The soul's Rialto hath its merchandize ;
 I barter curl for curl upon that mart,
 And from my poet's forehead to my heart
 Receive this lock which outweighs argosies—
 As purply black, as erst to Pindar's eyes
 The dim purpureal tresses gloomed athwart
 The nine white Muse-brows. For this counterpart
 The bay-crown's shade, Belovèd, I surmise
 Still lingers on thy curl, it is so black !
 Thus with a fillet of smooth-kissing breath,
 I tie the shadows safe from gliding back,
 And lay the gift where nothing hindereth ;
 Here on my heart, as on thy brow, to lack
 No natural heat till mine grows cold in death.

Among many miscellaneous sonnets, some are quite as nobly beautiful as any of those "from the Portuguese." Such a one as I quote below, if it cannot lay claim to a place in the very first rank of English sonnets, is certainly high in the second.

THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION.

With stammering lips and insufficient sound,
 I strive and struggle to deliver right
 That music of my nature, day and night,
 With dream and thought and feeling interwound,
 And inly answering all the senses round
 With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
 Which step out grandly to the infinite
 From the dark edges of the sensual ground.
 This song of soul I struggle to outbear
 Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
 And utter all myself into the air:
 But if I did it,—as the thunder-roll
 Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there,
 Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

It is pleasant to associate with Mrs. Browning as a sonneteer the name of George Eliot, though neither in this, nor in any other poetical field, can the latter be considered as at all the peer of the former. The eleven sonnets which bear the collective title "Brother and Sister," contain much that is charming, and like Mrs. Browning's

so called "Portuguese" sonnets, are autobiographical in character, though here we have a retrospect—the tender retrospect of sisterly affection—and not a record of present emotion, profoundly felt, and transfiguring the whole nature. There are many graceful references in these sonnets to country pursuits and objects, drawn doubtless from the Midland landscapes familiar to the writer's girlhood, and occasionally a finer touch of poetry, as in these lines, which as pointed out by Mr. George Milner in an essay on "George Eliot as Poet," in the *Papers of the Manchester Literary Club*, 1881—have quite a Shakspearean flavour :

The firmaments of daisies since to me
Have had those mornings in their opening eyes.

Contemporary with the two last-mentioned was Helena Clarissa von Ranke (1808-1871), the wife of the famous historian, whose fine sonnet "Love" is quoted in Mr. Main's *Treasury*.

A brief reference ought likewise to be made to the specimens of the "Female Sonneteers of America," printed in the second volume of Leigh Hunt's *Book of the Sonnet*. The best of these certainly are those by Mrs. Kemble, who may more properly be considered as belonging to her native England, and will be mentioned further on among our living poetesses. The rest, with few exceptions, are but mediocre, and the general negligence as to accuracy of form is not atoned for by any great depth or pregnancy of thought, or beauty of expression. The plaintive, personal note prevails, as in the sonnets of Charlotte Smith; but there is little anywhere that is characteristic or memorable.

This short survey has now been brought down to our own time; and a reference to the sonnets by women contained in Mr. Samuel Waddington's charming little volume, *English Sonnets by Living Writers*, will show that

our living poetesses have not laboured without success in "the sonnet's scanty plot of ground." Of most, but not all, of the ladies mentioned below, specimens are included in Mr. Waddington's little book.

The first place among living women-sonneteers, as among living poetesses, is undoubtedly occupied by Christina Rossetti. Though Miss Rossetti can by no means be ranked as Mrs. Browning's equal in range of power and nobility of utterance, she is yet no unworthy successor to the lyre from which her greater sister drew such thrilling tones, and in a few cases has quite attained Mrs. Browning's highest level. Indeed, in a strictly artistic sense, she is even her superior. The greatest number of her sonnets are included in *A Pageant and other Poems* (1881), that volume containing, besides other examples, two sonnet-sequences—*Monna Innominata* and *Later Life*—consisting respectively of fourteen and twenty-eight sonnets. On this account they are quaintly termed *A Sonnet of Sonnets* and *A Double Sonnet of Sonnets*. Though some of them are fine, they are on the whole not without monotony as well as a certain vagueness, and some of the sonnets contained in Miss Rossetti's earlier volumes (*Goblin Market* and *The Prince's Progress*) seem to me better than any in her last book. Among these are the exquisitely tender and familiar examples, entitled "Remember" and "Rest;" but the following, though less known, is, perhaps, not less beautiful:—

AUTUMN VIOLETS.

Keep love for youth, and violets for the spring :
 Or if these bloom when worn-out autumn grieves,
 Let them lie hid in double shade of leaves,
 Their own, and others dropp'd down withering ;
 For violets suit when home birds build and sing,
 Not when the outbound bird a passage cleaves ;
 Not with dry stubble of mown harvest sheaves,
 But when the green world buds to blossoming.

Keep violets for the spring, and love for youth,
 Love that should dwell with beauty, mirth and hope :
 Or if a later, sadder love be born,
 Let this not look for grace beyond its scope,
 But give itself, nor plead for answering truth—
 A grateful Ruth tho' gleanings scanty corn.

If Miss Rossetti stands unquestionably at the head of living women-sonneteers, a good deal might be said for awarding the second place to Alice Meynell (*née* Thompson, and sister of Mrs. Butler, the famous painter of battle-pieces). There is a delicacy of feeling, and a subtlety of thought and expression, about some of her sonnets, which remind one of the authoress of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The fine sonnet called "Renouncement" was considered by D. G. Rossetti (according to William Sharp, *Notes to Sonnets of This Century*, p. 302) one of the three finest sonnets ever written by women—doubtless an extravagant opinion, and to be attributed probably to Rossetti's personal sympathy with the subject of the sonnet and its treatment. "Spring among the Alban Hills" is a charming example of Mrs. Meynell's sonnet-writing; it has a touch of vagueness and a subtlety of meaning which harmonise with the indefinable attractions of the season of expectancy. The one I give is perhaps even better—it is indeed in every sense admirable.

THE LOVE OF NARCISSUS.

Like him who met his own eyes in the river,
 The poet trembles at his own long gaze,
 That meets him thro' the changing nights and days,
 From out great Nature; all her waters quiver
 With his fair image facing him for ever;
 The music that he listens to, betrays
 His own heart to his ears; by trackless ways
 His wild thoughts tend to him in long endeavour.
 His dreams are far among the silent hills;
 His vague voice calls him from the darken'd plain

With winds at night ; strange recognition thrills
 His lonely heart with piercing love and pain ;
 He knows his sweet mirth in the mountain rills,
 His weary tears that touch him with the rain.

The sonnets of Frances Anne Kemble, admirable as many of them are as short poems, are as a rule by no means equally good as sonnets. In fact, many or most of them are hardly entitled to that name at all. Without pretending to lay down the law as to what properly constitutes a sonnet, and without following a rigid *doctrinaire* like Mr. Tomlinson in his insistence on the strict Petrarchan model, so much one may say without offence, that a certain interlacing, or, at any rate, alternation of rhymes, and a certain progressiveness in the expression of the thought or feeling (accompanied by some measure of distinctness and separateness between the octave and the sestet), seem absolutely essential to the creation of a sonnet. A poem of fourteen lines, which consists of seven heroic couplets or (say) of five such couplets preceded or interrupted by an elegiac quatrain (as is the case with several of Mrs. Kemble's so-called sonnets), no more deserves that name than a verse-composition of thirteen or fifteen lines. Nor can a series of observations and reflections, such as we find in the verses beginning "Oft let me wander hand in hand with thought," nor a string of similes like the beautiful lines "What is my lady like?—thou fain wouldst know," claim with any propriety the title of sonnet, simply because they consist of fourteen lines apiece. Exquisite in its way as was Fanny Kemble's gift of verse, it does not seem to have bent itself readily to the sonnet-form, and it is questionable whether a single specimen of her fourteen-lined poems could be selected which forms an unexceptionable sonnet. The question of choice is complicated in this case not only by the great beauty of many of these little pieces, but by the difficulty of deciding as to

the comparative preferability of various kinds and degrees of structural looseness; and the one I give is probably—from a strictly poetical standpoint—by no means the best.

WRITTEN AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, AFTER A BALL.

O modest maiden morn! why dost thou blush
 Who thus betimes art walking in the sky?
 'Tis I, whose cheek bears pleasure's sleepless flush,
 Who shame to meet thy gray, cloud-lidded eye,
 Shadowy, yet clear: from the bright eastern door,
 Where the sun's shafts lie bound with thongs of fire,
 Along the heaven's amber-paved floor,
 The glad hours move, hymning their early choir.
 O fair and fragrant morn! upon my brow
 Press thy fresh lips, shake from thy dropping hair
 Cold showers of balmy dew on me, and ere
 Day's chariot-wheels upon th' horizon glow,
 Wrap me within thy sober cloak of gray,
 And bear me to thy twilight bowers away.

From among many fine sonnets by Miss A. Mary F. Robinson (the authoress of *A Handful of Honeysuckle*, *The Crowned Hippolytus*, and *The New Arcadia*) I have selected one from the latter volume. The imaginative picture contained in the second quatrain of the octave could hardly be surpassed in its way:—

O foolish dream, to hope that such as I
 Who answer only to thine easiest moods,
 Should fill thy heart, as o'er my heart there broods
 The perfect fulness of thy memory!
I flit across thy soul as white birds fly
Across the untrodden desert solitudes:
A moment's flash of wings; fair interludes
That leave unchanged the eternal sand and sky.
 Even such to thee am I; but thou to me
 As the embracing shore to the sobbing sea,
 Even as the sea itself to the storm-tossed rill.
 But who, but who shall give such rest to thee?
 The deep mid-ocean waters perpetually
 Call to the land, and call unanswered still.

Other names deserving of mention in this connection are Augusta Webster, whose fine sonnet, "The Brook Rhine," I wish I had space to quote; Jean Ingelow, also distinguished by a single noteworthy example, "An Ancient Chess King;" Emily Pfeiffer, Louisa S. Bevington, the Hon. Mrs. Knox, and Mathilde Blind. From the volume of verse by the latter gifted lady (*A Prophecy of Saint Oran and other Poems*, 1881), I take as a final example the following beautiful sonnet:—

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Alone—with one fair star for company,
 The loveliest star among the hosts of night,
 While the grey tide ebbs with the ebbing light—
 I pace along the darkening wintry sea.
 Now round the yule-log and the glittering tree
 Twinkling with festive tapers, eyes as bright
 Sparkle with Christmas joys and young delight,
 As each one gathers to his family.
 But I—a waif on earth where'er I roam—
 Uprooted with life's bleeding hopes and fears
 From that one heart that was my heart's sole home,
 Feel the old pang pierce through the severing years,
 And as I think upon the years to come
 That fair star trembles through my falling tears.

In conclusion it may be said that, although the great general inferiority of women to men in the poetical art is manifest likewise in their respective sonnet achievements, yet the sonnet-form seems by no means an unsuitable instrument for the expression of the thoughts and feelings of women. Nor, if we consider what they have produced in other departments of verse (the dearth of notable epic and dramatic work, and the very brief list of admirable and enduring lyrics, though that include a few master-pieces) is there any ground for the assertion or the implication that they have not achieved as fair a *proportionate* measure of success in this poetical field as in any other.



METHODS OF LITERARY WORK.

[Under this general title it is intended to print a series of short papers dealing with various practical aspects of the work of literature and journalism.]

II.—ON INDEXING AND INDEXES.

BY W. R. CREDLAND.

THOSE who use books (and who in these days of culture and general high-pressure does not?) must be strongly interested in the matter of Indexes. Every book that professes to tell us anything is provided, as one of its necessary adjuncts, with an Index, or a Table of Contents, intended to serve the same purpose. But very diverse views prevail as to what the public expect an Index to be, though there is a sweet unanimity as to the quality of the article provided. It is as a rule monotonously bad. Apparently any tyro can be entrusted with the compilation of an index. Possibly publishers insist on the printer's devils being compelled to do this dry taskwork in their intervals of lucidity. Or is this, as well as criticism, one of those things to which men who have failed to become literary geniuses gradually descend? One shudders at the thought. Yet a good index is really a rarity, though such an addition to a good book increases its value in exact proportion to the facility with which it renders its contents available.

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The author may take it almost as a truism that if his index is well done it will preserve his book from losing the esteem of the *littérateur*. Other works dealing with the same subject may be intrinsically better than his, but unless their contents are as easily ascertainable, those books will infallibly be cast aside. The loss of time entailed upon literary workers by the lack of good indexes to the books they are under the necessity of consulting is so great as to be little short of a calamity, and those sensible authors who minimise this loss may be certain of the fervent gratitude of their fellow-workers, and of the thanks of the general public.

The need of indexes was felt in very early times. Mr. Wheatley, in his *What is an Index?* says that Cicero in writing to Atticus asks for parchment to be sent to him to make indexes on. If such adjuncts were found useful nearly 2,000 years ago, when literature was in its swaddling clothes, what must they be now when the mass of it has increased so enormously?

For a long time the word "index" had a severe struggle for existence, "table" being its great opponent; whilst inventory, register, calendar, and syllabus were also frequently used to designate the same thing. In many old books "index" and "table" are applied indiscriminately to like arrangements of the contents, and it was not until the beginning of the 18th century that our present method of distinguishing between the table of contents and the index became firmly established. Index is still sometimes used in a misleading sense, many bibliographies and catalogues being spoken of as indexes.

The confusion of idea between *table* and *index* frequently led the old index-makers into the compilation of an article which was really a combination of the two things, the index thus becoming a *précis* of the contents of

the book. The index to Prynne's *Histriomastix* is of this character, and, if read, the body of the book may be safely neglected. This explains to some extent the otherwise obscure invectives of early writers against persons who become "rich in the inventory of another's treasures," or whose "learning reaches no further than the tables of contents." Fuller confessed that there was a "lazy kind of learning which is only indical, when scholars nibble but at the tables, neglecting the body of the book."

But this might surely be excusable when, as was often the case with these old books, the indexes were so well and copiously done as to be good reading and of value in themselves. The author was frequently the compiler of the index, or had a considerable share in its production, and thus the work came to be looked upon as an important part of his labours. This is not the case to-day, nor has it been for a century or two. No doubt some few authors indulge in the amusement of preparing the indexes to their own books, but, as a rule, this dry and unprofitable labour is relegated to some hack recommended or employed by the publisher. These gentlemen often have very narrow views of what an index should contain, and it would seem to be of more importance to them that the index should cost little to compile and print, than that it should be of use. There was truth, no doubt, in Swift's sarcasm about Curll's authors, and other employees, when, in giving certain instructions how to find these people, he says, "At the laundress's at the Hole in the Wall in Cursitor's Alley, up three pair of stairs, the author of my Church History—you may also speak to the gentleman who lies by him in the flock bed, my index maker." Things may not be so bad as this at the present day, but, undoubtedly, during the eighteenth century, and early in the nineteenth, the matter of indexes was thought of so little moment that

many books, now of the utmost value to the student and the historian, are entirely without such adjuncts, or, having them, they are so badly done as to be only an aggravation of their criminal condition. Such are, amongst others, Kemble's *Saxons in England*, Haynes' *State Papers*, Burleigh's *Memoirs*, Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, Rushworth's *Historical Collections*, Nelson's *Impartial Collections*, Carte's *State Letters*, Nugent's *Life of Hampden*, Thurlow's *State Papers*, Clarke's *Life of James II.*, Bolingbroke's, Marlborough's, and Hill's *Correspondence*, &c. The want of indexes to these and other works, and the necessity of providing bibliographies of special subjects now that the existing literature on almost any subject, however recondite, forms a very considerable body, has called into existence the Index Society.

This Society, though it only commenced its labours in 1878, was projected as far back as 1854. "In that year an announcement was made in *Notes and Queries* of the projected formation of a society for the 'Formation of a General Literary Index.'" This led to discussion which dragged on till 1877, when the formation of an Index Society was suggested in a paper read before the Library Association of the United Kingdom at their Conference in that year. From these various efforts the present society grew. They placed before themselves the aim of supplying indexes to valuable books—new or old—requiring them, the preparation of special bibliographies, and ultimately the formation of a General Reference Index, which should be in reality a list of the entire body of English Literature. This latter is a stupendous object, but it is one of national importance, and its value can hardly be overestimated. Although the task seems so great it should be within the capacity of the Society, when we bear in mind the vast compilations of Watt and Allibone. What these hard-

labourers accomplished individually could surely be surpassed by the combined efforts of a number of workers, especially if they were assisted—as they ought to be—from the national purse. The printing of the British Museum Catalogue of Printed Books, now rapidly proceeding, will go a long way towards supplying the want of a General Bibliography, but it cannot supersede its necessity. Working on the lines just indicated, the Index Society has now produced 13 volumes, viz. :—

1. What is an Index? By H. B. Wheatley.
2. Index of Royalists whose Estates were Confiscated during the Commonwealth. By Mabel G. W. Peacock.
3. Index of Municipal Offices. By G. L. Gomme.
4. First Annual Report, containing as Appendices—Index to books on Marriage between Near Kin; Index of the Styles and Titles of English Sovereigns; Index to Portraits in the *European Magazine*, the *London Magazine*, and the Register of the *Times*; Index of Obituary Notices for 1878.
5. Index of Hereditary Titles of Honour. By E. M. Solly.
6. Guide to the Literature of Vegetable Technology. By B. Daydon Jackson.
7. Second Annual Report, containing as Appendices—Index of Portraits in the British Gallery of Portraits, and Lodge's Portraits; Index of Abridgements of Patents; Index of Obituary Notices for 1879.
8. Guide to the Literature of Botany. By B. D. Jackson.
- 9, 12, 14. Indexes of Obituary Notices for 1880–1–2.
10. Index to Norfolk Topography. By Walter Rye.
13. Index to English Speaking Students who have graduated at Leyden University. By Edward Peacock.

Some of the work done hardly seems to fall within the scope of an Index Society, but there may have been special circumstances warranting their action. The Society too is young yet, and should its members receive sufficient encouragement from the public, they may yet do work which seems more pressingly to need doing than some of that which has been already undertaken. One thing to which they might very usefully turn their attention is the

indexing of newspapers and periodicals. There is only one newspaper (using the common acceptation of the term) to which an index is published, that is *The Times*. Even this index is a private venture, and in no way supported by the leviathan of the press. It is the biggest thing in indexes in existence. It extends to 148 quarto volumes, and a set is valued at £80. For what it aims at being it is fairly good, for what it ought to be it is exceedingly bad. But it is a fair type of the methods of indexing adopted by nearly all the weekly newspapers and the monthly and other periodicals. Classification of some kind is always resorted to, but each editor seems to prefer his own arrangement. Hardly any two classifications being alike, the would-be user has to make himself acquainted with some fifty or a hundred diverse methods of arriving at the same result. In all cases the classifications are very arbitrary, and are not those which would suggest themselves to a commonplace person. No ordinary person could have devised the wonderful productions which the London *Guardian* calmly offers as "indexes" to its contents. These are efforts of genius. They are distinctly "precious," and should be preserved under glass, instead of being exposed to the vulgar gaze of the clergyman or the scholar. He, poor man, only requires in an index, something which will be of use to him, and not a thing of beauty, "fearfully and wonderfully made." The failure of this, as in others of its kind, is caused by the curious headings invented by the editor under which to group his subjects. In the case of the *Times* index there is no synopsis of the headings used, the searcher having to find out, as best he may, what heading the particular subject he is in search of has been relegated to. Unless he is used to searching indexes he will find this no easy task. Suppose you want to know who has changed his surname at any particular time,

would it not naturally occur to you to look under the word "surname?" Well, don't, for you will not find what you want there; you must look under "change." Nor will you find anything about the West Coast of Africa under Africa, nor about dividends under that word, and so on *ad infinitum*. If you really want to find things in some of these indexes look under some of the most unlikely words which occur to you on the spur of the moment, such as "a," "an," or "the," and you will not be disappointed. In an elaborate and really valuable index issued to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for January-June, 1884, the compiler has fallen into the very common error of making entries under the first word of the *title* of an article, leaving its real subject untouched. This is a very unfortunate mistake in this instance, for as a rule the headings employed by this paper are mere sensational tags, giving little or no indication of the subject dealt with. If these things can be said of some of the high class papers, what might not be said of the rank and file? The matter of "periodical" indexing needs dealing with root and branch, and the Index Society would soon justify its existence if it could but make some improvement in this direction. There are good models in existence by which to be guided—so good that they make the perpetuation of bad work of this kind unpardonable. Example should be taken from any of the indexes to the Reports of the Annual Meetings of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, notably that compiled by Mr. H. R. Tedder to the Transactions of the Manchester Meeting, 1879. Poole's Index to Periodical Literature is also an excellent specimen of what an index should be. It is much more than that, being in fact one of the most extensive and useful bibliographical productions of modern times. In it, by means of co-operative labour, the contents

of over 230 English and American Magazines have been indexed, and are accessible in one alphabetical arrangement. The immense value of such a work is obvious, and its completion was hailed with the highest satisfaction by readers and writers alike. Mr. Poole proposes shortly to issue a supplement, bringing down the work from 1881 to the present time, and including several periodicals of which the manuscript did not reach him in time for insertion in the previous volume.

The fact that the compilation of indexes is not altogether plain sailing should be allowed to have its due weight in mitigation of the condemnation which one feels inclined to pour on the general run of indexes. An ideal indexer needs many qualifications. He must be a good analyser, and know how to reduce the author's wordiness to a terse form. He must be constantly thinking of the wants of the consulter, in order to place his references under the heading most likely to be sought after. The question, What headings would anyone naturally look under to find the real information contained in this book? must never for a moment be absent from his mind. Such headings only must be selected, and to make such headings well—that is, to judge rightly what is of the essence of the book and to reject what is not, requires both training and acumen. Quite a singular number of indexes are made ludicrous by entries beginning with words under which no one could possibly expect to find information. Who would think of finding pearls of any price under such words as *a*, *an*, *the*, *which*, or *what*? Yet these and other equally absurd words are not uncommonly used as headings, even in fairly good indexes. It is also easy to fall into error by endeavouring to give too much information, or trying to be too concise. Foreign names and cross references will likewise form stumbling-blocks to the unwary. Cross references

are, however, of great importance. When carefully done they will save something in the cost of printing, and economise the time of the consulter by referring him at once to the heading under which all the information on some special topic is collected. Mr. C. F. Blackburn, in his *Hints on Catalogue Titles*, p. 50, provides some useful suggestions concerning the *mechanism* of index compiling. He advocates the use of a separate slip for each entry, and gives good plans for keeping the slips of each volume separate, and for preventing error in recording the number of the page indexed. My own experience in the compilation of Index-Catalogues, which is very similar work to that of indexing books, is that a separate slip for each entry is by far the most convenient form of writing out. The slips should be machine cut to the size required. These slips, when written, can be readily arranged in whatever form the catalogue or index is to take. But when your slips are all written there are other questions to be decided. In some works it is still thought necessary to provide more than one index. Many old books are profusely supplied with indexes, there being frequently an Index Nominum, an Index Rerum, and perhaps two or three others in the same volume. But this is assuredly a mistake. The searcher should be able to ascertain at one glance whether the book contains the thing he seeks or not. And for this reason there should only be one index, no matter of how many volumes the work consists. And it should also be arranged in alphabetical order. Everybody knows his alphabet, but how many are there who can comprehend a scientific classification of human knowledge? The truest and simplest method of classification is to use the words of the author himself and none other. Do not go out of the way to devise general heads under which to group a mass of things in the belief that time and trouble will be saved by so

doing. The result will inevitably be loss instead of gain. But by taking such words as your author himself supplies, and then arranging them in alphabetical order, you will obtain a natural classification which will need no prefatory explanation.

To authors ambitious to make for themselves a good index, these few hints may not be unacceptable. There are still, I believe, persons who keep diaries, and many others who for various reasons take an interest in the preservation of newspaper cuttings and other ephemera of literature. For these the albums supplied by the stationers, with portions cut away at the edge, and showing the letters A to Z, will be found very convenient for the insertion of their collections.

Good rules for indexing are given in Wheatley's "What is an Index," page 71, in the "Report on Public Libraries in the United States of America," and in some of the "Transactions of the Library Association of the United Kingdom."

III.—ON AN INDEX TO THE "LONDON GAZETTE."

BY W. H. GUEST.

THE importance of obtaining Indices to the works mentioned by Mr. Wheatley in the first volume of the publications of the Index Society, and to other works of equal importance, though not named in his lists, must be my excuse for calling attention to a printed index recently published. Although the subject matters to which it relates are not generally interesting to literary men, the work is of great importance to them as showing how a large mass of matter comprised in so many as 108 volumes may be thoroughly and completely indexed.

The following statement consists principally of extracts from the preface and general summary to the work.

The title of the work is an *Index to the Orders in Council, Proclamations, Royal Commissions of Inquiring, Orders and Notices of Government Departments, and all other matter published in the London Gazette, from January 1st, 1830, to December 31st, 1883, except advertisements, appointments, and other notices of a purely personal or temporary nature. Together with references to statutes and Parliamentary papers connected therewith. Compiled for the Incorporated Council of Law Reporting for England and Wales, by Alexander Pulling, B.A. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. (London, 1885.)*

The work has been undertaken by the Incorporated Council of Law Reporting for England and Wales, for the use of their subscribers and the public. The object of the work is to supplement the Government Index of Statutes by giving a General Index to the Orders, Proclamations or Regulations made by the Sovereign in Council, and the various Government Departments, as well as to the other matters of importance which have been published in the *London Gazette* between the years 1830—1883, a period of fifty-four years, which is believed to include all, or nearly all, the Orders, Proclamations or Regulations of importance now in force. Prior to the publication of this Index the only means of access to the contents of the *Gazette* published during this period is through the 108 semi-annual indices bound up with the *Gazettes*.

By virtue of numerous Statutes a large part of these Orders, Proclamations or Regulations have the force of Particular, General, or Local Acts of Parliament, and contain, therefore, a vast body of practical law on a variety of important subjects which has been hitherto almost inaccessible for want of a General Index. The preparation of the work has occupied above three years, and has been conducted under the special supervision of the Chairman of the Council of Law Reporting, Mr. Joseph Brown, Q.C.,

to whose suggestion the work owes its origin. The editor has been assisted by a staff of clerks in the compilation and revision of the work, and a great amount of time, labour, and expense has been bestowed in the endeavour to secure fulness and accuracy. To increase the utility of the work notes have been added of Acts of Parliament, Parliamentary Reports, and other papers, which complete or elucidate the information contained in the *Gazette*. The Index is preceded by a General Summary of the contents of the *Gazette*, and a Chronological Table of the Statutes under which the Orders have been made, and is followed by a series of Appendices containing reference to various classes of Orders and Notices which it has been found more convenient to deal with in this manner than in the General Index. The Summary referred to contains an account of the general contents of the *Gazette* during the period embraced by the Index, and shows the manner in which the matter contained therein has been dealt with. The contents of the *London Gazette* have been, for the purposes of that Summary, divided into eight classes:—(1) Orders and Notices as to the relations of Great Britain with Foreign powers. (2) Orders and Notices as to the Relations of Great Britain with her Colonies. (3) Formation and alteration of areas for civil and ecclesiastical purposes. (4) Ecclesiastical Endowments. (5) Orders, Regulations, and Bye-laws made by the various Government Departments. (6) Orders in Council, Proclamations, &c., not included in the above classes. (7) Ceremonies of State, Royal Commissions of Inquiry, Royal Speeches, and Statutes of Orders, Universities, and Public Schools. (8) Military, Naval, Civil, and Ecclesiastical Appointments; Parliamentary, Bankruptcy, Company, and other Advertisements.

The Summary then proceeds to show the matters comprised in each of these eight classes.

The following is the order in which the various matters are arranged in each number of the *Gazette*: Royal Proclamations, Orders of the Sovereign in Council, Orders of the Lords of the Privy Council, Departmental Orders, Commercial Notices, of the Board of Trade, the War Office, the Admiralty, and other appointments, Statistical Returns and Advertisements. The entire contents of the *Gazette* have been arranged in one alphabet, and the following rules have been observed in compiling the index: The places, the names of which consist of two words, the first of which is East, Great, High, Little, Low, New, North, Old, South, and West, and other similar descriptive prefixes have been indexed under the *second* portion of each such name. Thus the orders affecting High Cotton have been indexed under C, and not under H, under which a general reference alone appears to the above effect. This arrangement has the effect of bringing the names of contiguous parishes on the same page of the index, a desirable object where the subject matter in many cases consists of orders forming administrative areas out of neighbouring places. Exceptions to this rule have been made in the case of certain of the colonies, *e.g.*, New Zealand, South Africa, and Western Australia. Areas which take their names from a large town or parish have been arranged *inter se* on the following principle: First the town or parish, and then the different areas in alphabetical order. Durham, for example, has been arranged as follows: First Durham Borough, then the city parishes in alphabetical order, then Durham Archdeaconry, Durham County, Durham County Court District, Durham Diocese, Durham and Chester-le-Street Highway District, Durham and Lancaster Registrar's District, Durham Union, and Durham University. The orders and notices under each parish have again been sub-indexed

alphabetically, the usual sub-headings being Benefice (under which the formation, alteration of the parish for ecclesiastical purposes, and the endowments granted thereto, have been collected), Burials, Coroners, County Court, Highways, Marriages, and Schools. A similar arrangement has been adopted under the other areas, the "catchword" in each order or notice being thrown into Clarendon type. As a rule the name of the principal town or parish has been printed in large capitals, and those of the subsidiary areas in small ones. Subject headings and cross references thereto, and the names of foreign countries, colonies, and of the most important towns, have been printed in heavy capitals. The words abbreviated are very few in number; the principal are pa. for parish, tp. for township, paroc. chplry. for parochial chapelry, extra munic. for extra municipal, and in a few cases O. C. for Order in Council, L. G. B. for Local Government Board, Local Govt. District for Local Government District, and School Att. Com. for School Attendance Committee. The ordinary abbreviations for the names of counties have also been used. Notes in italics have been inserted of the more important Orders in Council which have been gazetted while this index has been in the press.

IV.—PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY WALTER TOMLINSON.

IT is not to be expected that the little I can say upon this subject will afford much light or give any information likely to be of use to experienced writers; and I will confine my remarks mainly to a short description of the method pursued in the production of the series of small papers known as the "Bye-ways of Manchester

Life." The task I proposed to myself at the commencement, some six months ago, was to write from personal observation and thoroughly careful investigation, descriptive sketches of places, institutions, and people, whose locality lay off the beaten track; descriptions of many places and things of which people in general could have only the haziest and faintest conception. To this end my first care has been to accumulate facts—as far as possible to see and know everything for myself at whatever cost of time or trouble; and such a process has involved much labour neither of the lightest nor always of the most pleasant kind. My mode of work has been in all cases, wherever practicable, to make short rough notes of anything and everything I could see and hear concerning the subject in hand, such notes being hastily jotted down without discrimination, and with a total ignoring for the time being of their relative importance or insignificance. This latter point can be afterwards settled quietly at home; and it is surprising to find of how great value some of the most apparently trifling things often turn out to be.

I cannot write shorthand, and am not of opinion that I lose much thereby. Now and then it might be useful; but one soon acquires a kind of short longhand—a word here and a phrase there—which will serve most purposes fairly well. Sometimes the taking of manuscript notes would utterly defeat the object you have in view, and close up your sources of information; but a little practice soon enables one to overcome the difficulty, although the strain occasionally is somewhat severe. You gradually develop a faculty of bearing in the mind a clear, methodical, and coherent series of pictures and doings and sayings, by means of certain "cues," which, once carefully fixed in the memory, enable you to unroll the whole budget at leisure.

The necessary information and notes being duly obtained—an operation sometimes costing the labour of half a day, but more often that of two, three, or four days—then comes the actual writing of the article. Before going further, I feel impelled to a deliverance concerning handwriting. To my mind it is little short of a crime to write for the press (or indeed for any other purpose) in the loose, slipshod, and unintelligible manner affected by some people. One has no right to give so much unnecessary trouble. There is no necessity for an imitation of copper-plate, but the least that may fairly be expected is that the writing shall be such as may be easily read. Besides, compositors are a curious race, who *will* make mistakes wherever there is a chance, and it is well to give them as few legitimate openings as possible.

My notes often fill me with positive dismay by their scantiness when I sit down quietly, pen in hand; but I usually find in the end that there is more than sufficient material for the purpose. The beginning of an article is always a matter of much solicitude and anxious thought, as a good beginning, in my opinion, is half of the battle; and it is not always easy to see how the innocent and confiding reader is to be entrapped, and seduced, and insidiously led into the perusal of a quantity of dry details of information, which you are determined to foist upon him by hook or by crook. He has to be coaxed, and wheedled, and persuaded that he is going in one direction when he is most certainly and unwarily travelling on a totally opposite road. I generally settle this knotty business during my walks abroad, and any leisure moments which may occur, before sitting down to write. The notes, as I have intimated, are jotted down in an entirely helter-skelter fashion, and in that form they remain. I carefully look over them to see what material they will afford, and in what order of pre-

cedence their information shall be used ; then as each word or line suggestive of some point to be dealt with is disposed of, I cross it off, and so gradually use them all up.

The question whether it is advisable first of all to write out your matter rapidly and roughly, with a view to after-copying and correction, has often presented itself to me ; and upon the whole I am inclined to think there is little advantage to be gained by this process. I tried it a few times, but the labour of copying was so intolerably tedious—to say nothing of the time occupied therein—that I soon gave it up ; and am quite convinced that closer and more precise thought, and a cultivation of the habit of endeavouring to see clearly in your own mind that which you wish afterwards to give expression to in writing, will obviate the necessity of double manuscripts. One advantage there is certainly in the retention of an original draft, especially in journalism. If, as will not unfrequently happen, the shears of a ruthless Fate in the editorial sanctum should chance to clip out or snip off your most cherished and elegant sentences, your most impassioned paragraphs, you can at least have the consolation and enjoyment of re-reading the original at home, no editor daring to make you afraid.

With regard to the best time for writing if I could live in the country, and have a quiet study looking out upon gardens and fields, I should be inclined to consider the morning time as far ahead of all others ; but in town, with the many and continual noises and distractions of the day, the evening seems far fitter. My own practice in connection with the Saturday's paper is to sit down about seven or eight o'clock on Wednesday night, and work straight away for about eight hours, such being the average time I bestow upon, say, a column and a half of newspaper. If I find the work beginning to drag and my thoughts

becoming confused, I work on persistently until the neck of the matter is broken, and the remainder in a straightforward form for completion; then go direct to bed, and finish in the morning in good time for delivery.

As to other matters, the rules I prescribe for myself are few and short. I endeavour, as far as in me lies, to write pure, plain English; to avoid all obscurity of thought and expression; and never, unless for some special reason, to use long Latinized words, or any other of foreign origin. Of course I am well aware that my work is of a very simple nature, and that the sonorous diction which might be used to advantage in other styles of composition, would be entirely out of character therein.





INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

BY E. BRUCE HINDLE.

IT is not necessary, I think, to apologise for bringing the subject of International Copyright before a Literary Society, and particularly before the Manchester Literary Club, which, some time ago, was affiliated to the International Literary Association, the principal objects of which are to propagate and defend in every country the principles of intellectual property, to study international conventions thereto relating, and to work for their perfection. Indeed, it seems to me that the fact of such affiliation and membership imposed duties and created relations of which the Club should be reminded, and especially at the present time when the matter of a general agreement for the protection of the rights of all authors in all nations has apparently been brought within the range of practical politics, and when, if I am not mistaken, we can do something towards attaining the end desired.

In time past it has been much questioned and debated whether an author has any property at all in his work, and there are still found interested or wrong-headed persons who deny any such right, and would either do

away with it altogether or render it worthless. As might be expected, among other arguments, there has been used the famous dictum of Proudhon, "*La propriété c'est le vol*"—Property is theft—which in this case may fairly be answered by saying that an author's property is the result of labour, that to acquire by labour is not theft, and that it is theft only when property so acquired is appropriated without due compensation. What property can be more peculiarly a man's own than the offspring, the creation of his brain? Is it not his very own, part of himself? Who can make him produce or oblige him to sell? And as no one is compelled to buy, what greater right is there to compel an author to part with his work for little or no recompense, than there is to force him to produce or to sell? American publishers in conclave assembled at Philadelphia in 1872, proclaimed "Free books for free men," which is a reversal of Proudhon's maxim, amounting as it does to a declaration that "Theft is property," in connection with which I may appropriately quote the saying of Clark Russell some ten years later, that "when Henry Russell called America 'The Land of the Free,' he mistook; it is the land of those who make free, the land of the free and easy," a bitter saying, doubtless, but written when he was smarting under the operation of the "Free Books" principle. The Philadelphia meeting I have just alluded to also resolved that, "Thought when given to the world is as light, free to all"—fine words that butter no parsnips, and like many pompous phrases and sounding sentiments in that they are used to cover wrongful acts. The form given to a thought is the author's creation, his property. He sells and is at liberty to sell the thought in the form created, and the thought he thus "gives to the world" does not carry along with it the right to multiply copies of the book in which it is contained, that

right is not sold with the book, and does not pass to the purchaser thereof. What a contrast to the wretched sophistry of the predatory publishers is the noble and eloquent vindication of the author's claim by their distinguished countryman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a recent letter, from which the following is an extract: "How complex, how difficult is the work of the brain-operative! He employs the noblest implement which God has given to mortals. He handles the most precious material that is modelled by the art of man, the imperishable embodiment of human thought in language. Is not the product of the author's industry an addition to the wealth of his country and of civilisation as much as if it were a ponderable or measurable substance? It cannot be weighed in the grocer's scales, or measured by the shop-keeper's yard stick. But nothing is so real, nothing is so permanent, nothing of human origin so prized. Better lose the Parthenon than the *Iliad*; better level St. Peter's than blot out the *Divina Commedia*; better blow up St. Paul's than strike *Paradise Lost* from the treasures of the English language. How much a great work costs! What fortunate strains of blood have gone to the formation of that delicate yet potent brain tissue! What happy influences have met for the development of its marvellous capacities! What travail, what throbbing temples, what tension of every mental fibre, what conflicts, what hopes, what illusions, what disappointments, what triumphs lie recorded between the covers of that volume on the bookseller's counter! And shall the work which has drained its author's life-blood be the prey of the first vampire that chooses to flap his penny edition wings over his unprotected and hapless victim?"

It is all very well to quote Lord Camden to the effect that "Glory is the reward of science, and they who deserve it scorn all meaner views," and to affirm that authors should

minister, like Spenser's angels, "all for love and nothing for reward." Undoubtedly an author's first notion should be to benefit mankind rather than himself, and happy are those who are in a position to scorn all recompense other than the admiration of their fellows and the fame that follows it. Obviously, however, there can be but few such writers. Badly as authors have been rewarded, how much poorer would literature to-day have been had not the creators thereof been able to hope for and to receive some recompense for their labours. The great majority of those who live to write must write to live, and many of the world's greatest literary achievements are due to this incentive. Beaumarchais, when told that it was ignoble for authors to follow vile interest, they who prided themselves on working for fame, replied that "that was all right, glory was attractive, but they forgot that to enjoy it even for a year nature condemned them to dine three hundred and sixty-five times, and that if warriors and magistrates did not blush to receive noble salaries for their services why should the lover of the Muses, who was constantly obliged to reckon with his baker, be ashamed to reckon with those for whom he wrote?" Surely, considering the beneficial results, the civilising influences, the addition to the world's happiness by means of literature, there cannot be greater ingratitude than to refuse recognition of the rights of the literary labourer, who is worthy of his hire if any one is.

It might be imagined, too, that all books pay, but it is matter of notoriety that such is not the case. True that by some books great profits are made, but how many are there which not only do not adequately remunerate author and publisher, but are a positive loss, and if it were not for profit sometimes what production should we have? As for having cheap literature if copyright were abolished, what encour-

agement or safety would there be for author or publisher? Who would work and run risks under such conditions? Where would be the cheap literature, and what would it amount to? Tom Hood, in his witty, but none the less wise, petition to Parliament at the time of the copyright agitation prior to the Act of 1842, put the point clearly thus: "Cheap bread is as desirable and necessary as cheap books, but we do not on that ground appropriate the farmer's wheat stacks;" and in one of his amusing series of letters entitled "Copyright and Copywrong," published in the *Athenæum* during the same period, he demolishes the compulsory regulation of remuneration argument in this way. He says that he was prepared conditionally to acquiesce, and wrote to his butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary, for the sake of cheap literature, that they should furnish him with their several commodities at a very trifling percentage above cost, whereupon he received from his butcher a very conclusive reply as follows: "Sir,—Respectin your note. Cheap literater be blowed. Butchers must live as well as other pepel, and if so be you or the readin publick wants to have meat at prime cost you must buy your own beastesses and kill yourselves." Those who advocate cheap literature and no copyright, though probably respectable persons, seem to have a confused notion as to *meum* and *tuum*, but I imagine that would not long be the case if anyone appropriated any portion of their possessions, for instance, the cheap books they had bought. There is really no difference in principle between the one appropriation and the other. Cheap literature at the expense of authors would be the result of robbery, and I think it will be admitted that advantage derived from dishonesty is a doubtful benefit either to an individual or a community. So that on this ground also we should give the author his due. But books are not dear

in consequence of copyright; at any rate copyright does not account for their being so dear as they are. Not so long ago an eminent writer attributed their dearness mainly to our "highly eccentric, artificial, and unsatisfactory system" of publishing, and I conceive that he hit the right nail on the head. As to this, the *New York Herald* well remarked, in January of last year, that "French publishers have demonstrated that a copyright law is not the cause of dear books, and American publishers have shown that the absence of copyright law does not lead to cheap books. The former have long published cheap copyrighted books, but in the absence of an International Copyright, American houses never gave the people cheap reprints until forced by ten cent publications." However, there is now a manifest general tendency towards cheaper publication, and my idea is that with the extended markets and increased demand consequent upon universal copyright, we should have first and subsequent editions published at a much cheaper rate than now.

Another argument is that the word should be copy-privilege instead of copyright; that copyright is the grant of a monopoly like the grant of a patent, and that monopolies are wrong in principle. There is here a confusion of ideas, a mixing up of dissimilar things so as to formulate a general proposition. Patents for inventions differ from other monopolies about as much as copyright differs from patent grant. A number of persons working independently may hit upon the same idea at the same time, and work it out in the same way; but even if it happened that a number of persons should in effect think the same thing, no two of them would express it in the same way; each man's creation would be a different thing. Besides, for another distinction, the merits of an invention are immediately obvious; it is known at once whether it

will accomplish its purpose. Can that be said of a book? Look at the disputes respecting patents. Are there, can there possibly be, similar disputes respecting books? Is it not clear that the two things are quite distinct and in their nature different, and that the arguments based upon patent privilege and patent law are beside the point?

Then it is said that as no one can be prevented from enjoying the work and remembering and repeating the words of an author, therefore, his right, if any, is not a property right. It might just as well be said that because people are allowed to enjoy the sight of parks, palaces, pictures, &c., belonging to others, and to preserve the remembrance thereof, and to describe what they have seen, that, therefore, the owners have no greater right than they. As, however, other rights have to be admitted in the latter case, so also must they be admitted in the former.

Alphonse Karr one day, tired of such discussions as these, angrily asked for an enactment, containing one single provision, namely, "Literary property is property." The thing is necessarily so obvious to a writer that his impatience need not be wondered at. The principle was affirmed by Lakanal and Chapellier, on the passing by the French Assembly of the law of 1793, in the following memorable words: "Of all properties literary property is the most sacred, the most legitimate, and the most personal," and I am glad to see that the recent Conference of the International Literary Association, at Antwerp, has again affirmed it by a declaration that "The author's right in his work constitutes an inherent right of property. The law does not create but merely regulates it."

My contention, therefore, is that an author's right is a property right, and that for the benefit of communities it should be protected. Doubtless this is the opinion of the great majority, and possibly I may be accused of under-

taking a work of supererogation in endeavouring to demonstrate the proposition ; but even at that risk, I felt called upon at the outset to deal with some of the principal arguments against the right, because of the frequency with which even yet it is denied and discredited. I had also another reason for making clear, so far as I could, that it was a natural right, absolute and undeniable. If that is so, and I submit that such is the case, then it follows that it is universal, and should, therefore, receive international as well as national protection, and further, that as it is the right of authors, and not of publishers—who are merely mechanical agents—it is a matter for governments to deal with, and not publishers, who have no rights or interests save those depending on special and particular contracts. Strictly speaking, copyright being an absolute right, should be perpetual, as well as universal ; or to put it in Herbert Spencer's simple phraseology, such property should have among its attributes "perpetuity in time and extension in space." In practice, however, there is neither perpetuity nor universality. The latter seems likely to be brought about, but not the former. In one country, however—a country we are too much inclined to despise as barbarian—I mean the Chinese Empire, there does exist an ideal state of things with regard to copyright. There the right is perpetual, and infringement is an offence equivalent to highway robbery, the punishment therefor being one hundred strokes of the bamboo and three years transportation. No complicated statutes and doubt as to remedy—complete right, simple justice, speedy and severe punishment. What more could be wished for? In Mexico, also, copyright is perpetual, certain forms being observed, but these countries are the only two exceptions in favour of perpetuity, which the rest of the world has agreed is undesirable as tending unduly to restrict

the spread of literature. With regard to legislation, it has to be observed that it operates as a curtailment and restriction of the absolute right; but I do not think that this really affects the position I have before taken. Without special laws authors had the right, but found the remedy difficult and unsatisfactory, practically non-existent. It became necessary with them to surrender, and they have surrendered, a portion of their right to the community in return for an effective protection, the advantage being mutual. And so it has been and must be between communities, the principle of property-right underlying the whole of the different arrangements. This brings me to the consideration of the copyright law in this and other countries, which I now propose to sketch as briefly as possible, and principally the law relating to books, the most important subject of copyright, but only, it must be remembered, one of many.

In Great Britain, rights at common law having proved of little use practically, there was passed the well-known statute of Anne, "for the encouragement of learning," which statute came into operation at the beginning of 1710. By this Act an author had sole right of printing for fourteen years, and if he were alive at the end of that time he might obtain prolongation of privilege for another fourteen years. Penalties for infringement after registration. The statute did not deal with rights at common law, but nevertheless, after much litigation, it was decided, contrary to expectation, that the common-law rights were taken away, and thenceforward copyright must depend entirely upon statutory provision. In 1814 a statute was passed extending time to twenty-eight years, and for the remainder of life of author surviving; and afterwards, in 1842, came the statute 5 and 6 Vict., c. 45, which is now law, and extends time to forty-two years, or natural life of

author and seven years afterwards, whichever shall be the longer term. The same rule applies to articles in periodicals, which, however, revert to author after twenty-eight years. There have since been other statutes relating to prints and works of art, designs, music, lectures, &c. In 1876, there was a Royal Copyright Commission which took and recorded a mass of evidence, and in the published report the Commissioners observe that the present law "consists partly of the provisions of fourteen Acts of Parliament which relate in whole, or in part, to different branches of the subject, and partly of common law principles nowhere stated in any definite or authoritative way, but implied in a considerable number of reported cases scattered over the Law Reports," and that it is "wholly destitute of any sort of arrangement, incomplete, and often obscure." They also say that they "have arrived at a conclusion that copyright should continue to be treated by law as a proprietary right, and that it is not expedient to substitute a right to a royalty or any other of a similar kind," and are in favour of a copyright for thirty years after author's death, or twenty years less than in France, Russia, and Portugal, and ten less than in Italy where there is also a forty years' royalty additional. They also recommend that the right over articles in periodicals should revert in three years. There was a great fight for the royalty system, but it seems to me that the Commissioners arrived at a right conclusion in deciding against it. In theory it appears to be a good plan, but it could not be worked with anything like success. There could not be devised and carried out a proper system of check and control, and the poor author would either be harassed out of existence by running after his royalties, or what is more probable, would lose them altogether. Several bills on the subject, based mainly on the lines of improvement suggested by the

Commissioners, have since been brought into the House of Commons, but none of them have got beyond preliminary stages. I am pleased to see, however, by a paragraph which appeared in the *Athenæum* a short time ago, that, notwithstanding these discouragements, the Copyright Association is co-operating with the Society of Authors in the production of a new Copyright Bill, which will be the joint work of the two societies, and represent every copyright interest. I sincerely trust they may be able to get it through, but I doubt the next Parliament will be as little able to attend to anything useful as the last.

In America the time of copyright in case of all works is 28 years from recording the title, and an additional term of 14 years may be obtained by author (if living) at expiration of former period, or by his widow or children if he be dead. (Rev. Stat. ss. 4953, 4954.) The law there seems to be in as great a state of muddle as our own; indeed I question whether it is not worse than ours in that regard. Though similar in most respects, there are two essential points of difference between American and English law. Copyright here depends upon first publication, not upon citizenship; and registration and deposit, which in America are a *sine quâ non*, are here only necessary previous to an action for infringement. By residence in any part of the Queen's dominions at time of first publication a United Kingdom copyright is secured, and American authors can and do manage to secure an international copyright by a temporary sojourn in Canada, where however the law is confusion worse confounded. Copyright in England is copyright in Canada, but there is also a special Canadian law of copyright; and, besides this, an Act allowing importation of American reprints upon payment of 12½ per cent duty. Under the enactment last mentioned the sum of £1,084 was collected in the ten years ending 1876, which, con-

sidering the enormous number of reprints imported, was absurdly small, and it will be evident that the working of the Act in question affords a strong argument against the royalty system. Then, under the Copyright Act of 1875, cheap reprints of English copyright books can be issued in Canada. Domicile is necessary for Canadian copyright, though exactly what Canadian copyright amounts to is difficult to say. Mark Twain thought he would like Canadian copyright as well as English, and went to Canada armed and fortified with any quantity of opinions and advice. Although he acquired English copyright, he did not succeed as to the Canadian, and, at the end of the litigation, came to the conclusion that the latter was one of those things no fellow can understand. He afterwards made a speech there, which was as funny as Mark Twain's usually are. He said he looked forward to the time when literary property would be as sacred as whisky, or any other of the necessities of life; and, referring to the well known incident of Wolfe's recitation of Gray's "Elegy," when he declared that he would rather be its author than take Quebec, the speaker went on to ask why he said this? It was because he supposed there was going to be international copyright, otherwise there would be no money in it.

As to American law, the following extract from a letter to me by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, in reply to a query *re* "The Mikado," will be of interest: "So long as my work remains in MS., so long am I protected by the United States common law, but as soon as my play is printed and published, all protection in the United States vanishes. The last section of their Copyright Act declares that no alien can have any copyright in any published novel or play, but the Act does not seem to contemplate *unpublished* works, and it has been held almost universally in the American courts that performance on the stage is not publication within the

meaning of the Act. Hence an unpublished play does not come within the operation of the Act, and is therefore held to be the personalty of the owner of the copyright. I recently sold the American right of 'Comedy and Tragedy' to Miss Anderson, and in my agreement I had to bind myself not to print and publish the play until her interest in it had expired. The case of 'The Mikado,' recently argued before several United States courts, with varying results, stands upon a different footing. The libretto had been published, and there was therefore no copyright therein. But the only published score of the music, viz., the pianoforte score, had been 'arranged' from Sir A. Sullivan's full score by an American citizen, and our contention was that it was thereby protected. We have established this in Massachusetts, but we have been defeated in New York." All this points to the necessity of codification, and it seems to me that an International Copyright Code will be the next thing to be aimed at after an International Agreement has been established.

France is distinguished by having adopted the most enlightened views as to copyright, and by having embodied them in the most liberal law at present existing. In 1866 it was enacted that copyright in all works of literature and art should extend fifty years beyond author's death. To acquire right of action there must be deposit of the work, but that is all that is necessary. By such deposit a foreigner may protect his work published abroad, and with regard to works published by him in France has the same rights as a French subject.

Germany protects a native author's property during his life and thirty years after his death. Registration required. Copyright, whether published in or out of the Empire, and works of a foreigner have the same protection if published by firm having place of business in Germany.

Holland and Belgium, author's life and twenty years after. Works to be printed and published in the country. Deposit. More comprehensive and liberal measures are proposed, and seem likely before long to be adopted. Spain, life and eighty years. Registration required, otherwise work is public property. This differs from the majority of other systems, where registration is merely a preliminary to action for infringement, the omission in some instances being punished by a fine. Portugal, life and thirty years. Deposit. Italy, life or forty years, whichever is the longer term. After this, second term of forty years, during which any person may republish on paying five per cent royalty. Deposit. Austria-Hungary, life and thirty years after. No registration or deposit required. Norway, life and fifty years. Registration and deposit. Sweden, life and fifty years. No registration. Denmark, life and thirty years. No registration or deposit. Switzerland, life or thirty years. Russia, life and fifty years. Registration but not deposit. Turkey, forty years, translations twenty years. Greece, fifteen years, but term may be extended by royal licence. Venezuela, life and fourteen years. Deposit and registration. Chili, life and five years. Brazil, life and ten years. Japan, for thirty years, with extension to forty-five. China and Mexico I have before mentioned as having perpetual copyright, and I may here note that formerly it was perpetual in Belgium and in Sweden. By the foregoing sketch of copyright laws it will be seen that authors' property has been recognised and has received protection in almost all the different countries of the world. There are many differences as to conditions, manner, and extent of the protection, but any one who will take the trouble to examine the growth of opinion and the course of legislation will find that there has been a general tendency to increase rather than diminish that protection, and further, it will

be clear, from all countries having adopted practically the same method of protection and remuneration, that the royalty system must have been considered disadvantageous and impracticable.

I come now to another branch of my subject. The property right of an author being admitted in all countries, it ought to be valid between all countries. Justice and logic, international law, common sense and common honesty support this proposition. Let us see how far it has been sustained and carried out, and what remains to be done towards the accomplishment of the work.

Prussia was the first country to pass a measure authorising treaties for securing reciprocal rights. This was in 1836, and in the following year a convention was concluded between the States of the Confederation. In 1837 England passed an "Act for securing to authors in certain cases the benefit of International Copyright," which empowered the Queen by Order in Council to direct that a foreign author should have copyright here if his country should grant similar privilege. In 1844 this was extended to works of art and plays, excepting translations however, which were not protected till the Act of 1852. This Act allowed fair imitations or adaptations, but the proviso to that effect was repealed in 1875. Registration and deposit are required. Translations protected for five years, original to certain reservation of right, and to be deposited within three months after first publication; authorised translation must begin to appear within a year. The Copyright Commission has proposed that registration and deposit here be abolished, certificate of compliance with formalities in country of origin to be sufficient, right of translation to be for three years, and if published within that time ten years copyright. France, as before stated, protects works of foreign authors without requiring reciprocity. But they

have nevertheless entered into several treaties. Germany allows copyright to foreigners of work issued by firm in Germany; but if this is not done, their rights are regulated by such special treaties as have been made. Belgium and Holland protect works of foreigners if printed and published there; but the latter country has also entered into many treaties on terms of reciprocity. Norway and Sweden have legislation empowering similar treaties, and Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, Russia, Greece, and Switzerland have adopted the same system. Great Britain and most of the countries named have entered into treaties with each other, the most glaring, I may say the most discreditable exception being that of the United States, of the conduct and position of which country I shall now proceed to give some account.

About the time of the earliest international copyright legislation in Europe there was a movement in the same direction in the United States. In February, 1837, Henry Clay presented to the Senate a petition of British authors asking for copyright. A committee of the Senate reported favourably, concluding with the observation that "we should all be shocked if the law tolerated the least invasion of the rights of property in the case of merchandise, while those that justly belong to the works of authors are exposed to daily violation without the possibility of their invoking the aid of their laws." No action was taken on this report, nor on a proposal by Lord Palmerston, in 1838, for a copyright arrangement. In 1841 took place the memorable visit of Charles Dickens, when he raised so much ire against himself, principally on account of his advocacy of International Copyright. I have just been reading some of his letters in Forster's *Life of Dickens*, and I think I may quote here an extract from one of them, giving, as it does, so vivid a picture of what happened.

Under date 24th February, 1842, he wrote from New York as follows: "I spoke, as you know, of international copyright at Boston, and I spoke of it again at Hartford. My friends were paralysed with wonder at such audacious daring. The notion that I, a man alone by himself, in America, should venture to suggest to the Americans that there was one point on which they were neither just to their own countrymen nor to us, actually struck the boldest dumb! Washington Irving, Prescott, Hoffman, Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Washington Alston, every man who writes in this country, is devoted to the question, and not one of them dares to raise his voice and complain of the atrocious state of the law. It is nothing that of all men living I am the greatest loser by it. It is nothing that I have a claim to speak and be heard. The wonder is that a breathing man can be found with temerity enough to suggest to the Americans the probability of their having done wrong. I had no sooner made that second speech than such an outcry began (for the purpose of deterring me from doing the like in this city) as an Englishman can form no notion of. The dinner committee were so dismayed that they besought me not to pursue the subject although they every one agreed with me. I answered that 'I would. That nothing should deter me. That the shame was theirs, not mine, and that, as I would not spare them when I got home, I would not be silenced here.'" And he certainly did not spare them. An eloquent passage in one of his speeches sums up the whole question in a few words. He said: "There must be an international copyright, because it is justice; secondly, because without it, you never can have and keep a literature of your own." The last sentence was prophetic. Why is it that American authors have been an "inconsiderable body of insignificant performance?" For the simple reason that they have had

to compete with unpaid foreign authors. American literature has been stunted, and unable to attain its full development. As Elizabeth Oakes Smith has recently written: "American books are not merely undersold, they are, in fact, suppressed; they cannot find their way to the public at all unless their authors are able to defray the expense of publication. Publishers find it for their interest to reprint foreign books for which they pay nothing, rather than risk the issue of literature upon which they are expected to pay a percentage. The consequence is that our own authors meet with little or no encouragement, while the market is filled with reading often hostile to our institutions, our taste, and our morals, and unless a change is wrought, American literature will at length altogether disappear, and with it those principles which we as a nation represent." The eloquence of Dickens failed to accomplish anything. The striking letter on the subject from Carlyle to him, in March of 1842, having for text, "Thou shalt not steal," will be remembered, and it is a fact worthy of mention, as illustrating the stand taken by our great novelist, that in a circular letter addressed to all the principal English authors shortly after his return, he declared that he would never from that time enter into any negotiation with any person for the transmission across the Atlantic of early proofs of anything he might write, and that he would forego all profit derivable from such a source, a line of action involving a considerable pecuniary sacrifice on his part, and evidencing his devotion to principle and to the cause he had at heart. In 1842 a petition, signed by 97 publishers, printers, and binders, in favour of international copyright, was presented to Congress. A counter memorial from Philadelphia objected "that it would prevent the adaptation of English books to American wants,"—a nice reason, truly. In 1853, Edward Everett,

then Secretary of State, endeavoured to bring about a treaty on reciprocal lines, but the Senate did not allow the matter to proceed. In this year appeared the famous letters of Henry C. Carey on International Copyright, in which he advocated that ideas are the common property of society, and therefore copyright is indefensible. In 1858 Mr. Morris introduced a bill on basis of remanufacture by American publishers thirty days after publication abroad, but it did not proceed. In 1868, after the second visit of Dickens (1867), a copyright association was organised, with Bryant as president, and E. C. Stedman as secretary, and got up a memorial to Congress, with signatures of 101 authors and 19 publishers, asking early attention for a bill "to secure in all parts of the world the rights of authors." A bill was introduced by Mr. Baldwin for copyright on manufacture and publication in America, which was reported on with approval, recommitted, and dropped. In 1870 what is known as the Clarendon Convention, was proposed through Sir Edward Thornton, our minister at Washington. Copyright on condition of registration and deposit within three months of publication in either country. Did not succeed. Objected to as being in interest of British publishers. Then came other propositions. American manufacture within three months, within one month. Shortly afterwards, in response to a letter by Mr. Appleton in the *Times*, October, 1871, denying there was any disposition in the United States to withhold justice from English authors, but objecting to any "kind of legal saddle for the English publisher to ride his author in the American book market," Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Froude, Carlyle, and others, signed a memorial to Lord Granville expressing a willingness to accept a copyright on condition of confining American copyright to American assigns of English author, and excluding English publishers.

Nothing was done on this. The new proposals were opposed by the publishers and the trades. Then Bristed's bill was put forward by the Copyright Association. Went in simply for reciprocity. Messrs. Harper were heard against it by counsel, and took the ground that "any measure of international copyright was objectionable, because it would add to the price of books and interfere with the education of the people." Proposals for royalties of 10 per cent and of 5 per cent were also put forward. Then came the celebrated Morrill report against all copyright arrangements, on the grounds suggested by Messrs. Harper, and upon others, which report completely ended the matter for a time. So it remained till 1878, when Messrs. Harper once more took up the subject, being this time strongly in favour of an arrangement if only American publishers could be protected. Why this change of front? Because there was no longer honour among our publishers; because the "courtesy of the trade" had ceased to be observed, and the pirates were not only pillaging the foreigner, but also the comparatively respectable American publishers, who occasionally did make some acknowledgment to the authors whose books they published. Advance sheets had become of little worth, because the enterprising pirate got hold of the book, and published it almost simultaneously at a much cheaper rate. Robbery was ceasing to be profitable. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Allow me here to give an extract from an article in *Chambers's Journal* for October, 1885, which will afford some idea of the situation. "A few examples from American catalogues of reprints from British copyright works. Here is one of 100 closely printed pages (J. B. Alden's), in which we find a cheap reprint of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* announced, and described as undoubtedly the best popular magazine in the market until Alden's *Manifold Encyclopædia* shall appear. The *Library Maga-*

zine, of which a dozen volumes have been issued, contains a 'hash up' of articles from every well-known English magazine, including many from our own pages. *Choice Literature* is similar in contents. The familiar *English Men of Letters* series, published in this country at 2s. 6d., appears at 5d. a volume: the *Elzevir Library* comprises books and parts of books from 1d. to 1s. 3d.; Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, &c., appearing for 5d. There is a reprint of Ruskin's works, in 15 volumes, at a much lower figure than one of his earlier works costs with us; while his *Sesame and Lilies*, *Crown of Wild Olives*, and *Ethics of the Dust* appear in one volume for about 2s., or about one-tenth of what Mr. Ruskin thinks it right to charge for them in England. Three firms at least have reprints of Ruskin's works; in its cheapest form *Modern Painters* is issued in paper covers, 3 vols., at 10d. each, and *Stones of Venice* in 3 vols. at 1s. each. The average published price of Black's or Blackmore's novels in England is 6s. a volume; you can buy them in New York at from 5d. to 1s. 3d. A remonstrance from Mr. Hamerton regarding a cheap reprint of his *Intellectual Life* has only led to his letter being published as an advertisement. Lord Tennyson has, of course, suffered, and he seems to feel it too, for when interviewed on the subject of the Gordon Memorial, by a *New York Herald* correspondent, he said he had never had a penny from the New York publishers who had published nearly all his poems, and he thought they should subscribe liberally as some atonement. Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. announce a series of *Tales from Many Sources*, in which all the best British magazines are laid under contribution. The large, square-looking books, of which the British publisher lately threatened us with an imitation, in *Harper's Franklin Square Library*, now number close on 500 volumes. The average price of an English novel or work in general litera-

ture in the *Franklin Square Library* varies from 7½d. to 10d. For example, George Eliot's life, published here at two guineas, is sold in this library for less than 2s. Froude's *Life of Carlyle* may be had at the same cheap rate; in fact, all that is newest and best in our literature is immediately reproduced at similar rates. Among the most notorious of American literary pirates is a firm who publish the well-known *Seaside Library* of novels. This firm devotes itself mainly to the sale of English works, old and new, and we are informed the proprietors have realised a fortune of seven million dollars from their reprints." I will not endeavour to characterise this state of affairs in words of my own, or by quotations from English writers, lest I may be accused of partiality and prejudice, but I will quote the following outspoken protest from the *New York Herald*: "A chronic state of piracy between two great nations having one language and a common literature is a disgrace that should put to shame the country responsible for it. As a mere matter of policy men of letters are not less worthy of encouragement and protection for the fruits of their labour than any other class of producers. But the question is more than one of expediency. It is one of property, right and justice. If the personal possessions of a foreigner were seized and appropriated as soon as they reached this country, both law and public sentiment would be swift to condemn and repair the outrage. But such lawless confiscation would not be more unjustifiable or different in principle from the systematic piracy of foreign literature that has flourished without legal restraint for a long series of years. That the United States is chiefly if not wholly to blame cannot be reasonably doubted or denied by any one who has contrasted the course of the American with that of the British Government towards foreign authors." A condemnation strong in terms, but in every way just, and all the more

cogent and remarkable from the fact of its proceeding from an American paper.

The "Harper draft" treaty contained provisions for registration in both countries before publication, and for manufacture and publication in each country three months after original publication. This scheme was approved by fifty-two leading American authors and by the American members of the International Copyright Committee, and also by the great body of American publishers. The Harper draft was submitted in 1880 by Mr. Lowell to Earl Granville, who replied favourably, but suggested extension of time of republication to six or twelve months. The International Literary Association also favoured an agreement, but protested against the manufacturing clause and the time limit, the latter being, in my opinion, the more objectionable condition. Meetings of London publishers were held, and Mr. Daldy was sent over to America to further the English view. Both Garfield and Blaine were understood to favour completion of treaty, but with the death of Garfield the matter once more dropped. Last year the question was again brought to the front through the formation of the American Copyright League in 1883 and its subsequent action. The Dorsheimer bill was introduced, and, as amended, was a reciprocity bill. Mr. Secretary Frelinghuysen wrote a letter to the League, expressing his approval of that principle. The bill seemed likely to pass, but suddenly opposition sprung up, the old difficulties as to manufacturing and time were raised, and ultimately the bill had to drop, the under-currents of opposition this time coming, so far as I can gather, from the trades rather than from the publishers. The bill was re-introduced by Mr. English, and in the Senate a bill was brought forward by Senator Hawley, simply doing away with the distinction in the statute between natives and foreigners.

These again have come to grief, notwithstanding that President Arthur, in his Message of December, 1884, expressed himself as being in favour of reciprocity. Everything will have to be begun over again, but the Copyright League is laying itself out for a new campaign, and hopes that success may before long crown its efforts. It does not do, however, to be too sanguine as to this. Mark Twain evidently is not. When asked his opinion about the Dorsheimer bill, he wrote as follows: "I am 47 years old, and therefore shall not live long enough to see International Copyright established, neither will my children live long enough, yet for the sake of my (possible) remote descendants I feel a languid interest in the subject. Yes—to answer your question squarely—I am in favour of an International Copyright law; so was my great-grandfather. It was in 1847 that he made his struggle in his great work, and it is my hope and prayer that as long as my stock shall last, the transmitted voice of that old man will still go ringing down the centuries, stirring the international hearts in the interest of the eternal cause for which he struggled and died. I favour the treaty that was proposed four or five years ago, and is still being considered by our State Department. I also favour engraving it on brass. It is on paper now. There is no lasting quality about paper." The memorial of the American Copyright League in support of the Dorsheimer bill is worth reading, as the case is therein stated very succinctly and clearly. It runs as follows:—

"The American Copyright League, representing American authors and journalists, ask you to support the Dorsheimer Copyright bill on the following grounds: (1) Copyright to American authors being established by law should be defended by law like all other forms of recognised property. But by the denial of Copyright to foreigners American literary works are exposed to a competition with foreign

works that have not been paid for. No other American industry is obliged to suffer from a rivalry with stolen goods. (2) The want of international Copyright subjects American authors to an extensive piracy of their works by foreign publishers, causing the authors great loss. Under existing circumstances only a small proportion of American authors are able to earn a competency by the pursuit of authorship alone. The bill, by providing for reciprocal rights from foreign Governments, will secure profit to American authors in the foreign markets where they are now plundered, and thus doubly stimulate our literature. (3) It is for the good of the country to encourage a national literature which shall inculcate American ideas at home and abroad. The Constitution of the United States (Article i., sec. viii., 8) empowers Congress 'to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings, &c.' But by its failure to render the rights of all authors secure, Congress has practically defeated hitherto the intent of the Constitution in this respect. (4) The bill, not being retro-active, all foreign books published before its passage may still be issued at the lowest prices. As for new foreign books, American publishers protected by the tariff can outbid the foreign publisher for our market. Understanding the popular demand here for moderate priced books they will from self interest continue to meet that demand. The richest nation in the world ought not to plead that it cannot afford to pay for literature. A number of American Copyrights have been issued at 56 cents, and even less, as soon as the public demand became wide spread, showing that there is nothing in the nature of Copyright which need prevent books from being cheap. (5) This is not a question of free trade or protection. It is a question of permitting our citizens who produce books to

have an even chance for recompense. The book manufacturing interest is already protected by the tariff. If any condition were attached that foreign books must be manufactured here, that interest would then receive a double protection—by tariff and by special enactment—which no other manufacturer receives. The American author also, being compelled reciprocally to manufacture abroad for the foreign market, would often be placed at a great disadvantage. (6) To continue a licence to pillage foreign authors in the supposed interest of 'cheap literature,' is virtually to encourage immoral and communistic tendencies. (7) Broad principles of justice and of policy are involved. We recognise these principles when we grant patent right to foreigners. Why not then grant Copyright?"

The League has also collected a number of opinions of distinguished American authors, which opinions have been appended to another memorial. Among these are the following:—

"I write this in London, where I meet continually the reproach that the American Congress is willing to continue the toleration of systematic theft. What can I do but blush and acknowledge that it is true?"—*Edward Eggleston*.

"It is a little curious that a country which wishes to protect its own industries should establish a very heavy differential policy *against* its own authors."—*Edward E. Hale*.

"I am in favour of international Copyright as a pure and simple act of justice without any 'manufacturing' or other 'clause' whatever."—*James A. Harrison*.

"I am in favour of any and all legislation that recognises the equal rights of any and all authors to their own property in any and all countries."—*Bret Harte*.

"There is nothing to say except that the present condition of things is a national dishonour and a personal shame to every one of us."—*W. D. Howells*.

By these memorials, by public meetings, and in other ways, a distinct advance has been made, but I regret to say there is a division in the League that may retard progress, one influential section going in for Copyright without limitations, the other willing to make concessions. The League was formed chiefly through the exertions of Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, from whom I the other day received a communication in which he informed me that he had found it necessary to resign his secretaryship in consequence of the impracticability of the Committee which would persist in striving for an ideal law. Of course we can sympathise with those who want absolute and perfect justice, but at the same time we cannot but see that they may defer the thing indefinitely by refusing to make any compromise. I wish all the members of the League could have before them an admirable letter addressed by M. Numa Droz, of the Swiss Federal Council, to M. Germond de Lavigne, Secretary of the "Syndicat des Sociétés littéraires et artistiques," at Paris, commenting upon a memorial of that association to the French Government, in which, with reference to the proposals of the first International Conference on Copyright at Berne, they seem to have insisted on the "tout ou rien" policy. The letter is published in the *Bulletin of the International Literary Association* for April, 1885, and forcibly demonstrates the danger and impolicy of asking too much to begin with. Still I trust and believe something will be done, notwithstanding the difference to which I have referred. The authors of America, despite the adverse conditions under which they have laboured, have become numerous and noteworthy. We have partially returned the compliment by robbing them, though not to anything like the same extent. Of course that has been impossible. But still the balance of advantage has of late years been

inclining more in our direction, and seems likely to do if the present state of affairs continues. This, therefore, is another circumstance which encourages me to hope that a just arrangement will ere long be arrived at.

I should here mention that for much useful information on the subject in hand I am indebted to the *Publishers' Weekly* (New York: F. Leypoldt) which for many years has earnestly and consistently advocated International Copyright, and lately has rendered a great service to all interested in the matter by publishing in its columns a Bibliography of works, articles, enactments, &c., relating to Copyright, compiled by Mr. Thorvald Solberg, of the office of the Librarian to Congress, which Bibliography I may state for the encouragement of those who wish to master the subject, contains over 2,000 entries.

My paper has already extended to too great a length, but in order to complete it I must make some reference, a much briefer one than I had intended, to the International Literary Association and its labours. Founded at Paris in 1878 under the presidency of Victor Hugo, it has since then worked incessantly to bring about International Copyright. From 1878 to 1885 it has held conferences in Paris, London, Lisbon, Vienna, Rome, Berne, Amsterdam, Brussels, and Antwerp. These conferences have been attended by many of the most eminent literary men of all countries, and the difficulties in the way of a general agreement have been exhaustively dealt with in their debates. Their efforts, together with those of the Society for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, have brought about changes in the laws of different countries and conventions between them. Their influence has frequently been acknowledged as having been great and most beneficial. M. Challengel Lacour recently in the Chamber of Deputies testified to the service they had

rendered in bringing about the conventions with Germany and Spain. But their greatest achievement, the one which will probably have the most important results, is the taking up of the matter by the Swiss Government, under the auspices of which two Diplomatic Conferences for the purpose of completing a general convention, have been held at Berne. Switzerland has earnestly and assiduously laboured for the end desired, and I cannot but regard it as a fortunate circumstance for Europe and the world that one such country exists, a country undisturbed by internal troubles or external broils, not possessed by ambition or fearing aggression, able and ever willing to lend its aid in the furtherance of projects to benefit mankind; for, as every one knows, it is not only in this matter but in many others that the Helvetian Republic has shown itself hospitable and tolerant, active and enlightened. The first Diplomatic Conference took place in 1884, and the second in September last. By the courtesy of M. Bernard Frey, one of the secretaries of these Conferences, I have the two volumes of their proceedings, published by the Swiss Government. Everything has been most carefully and minutely discussed, and the resultive "Projet de Convention concernant la création d'une Union internationale pour la protection des œuvres littéraires et artistiques" is skilfully and clearly drawn, at once practical and practicable. I have not space for any account of the debates or a translation of the "Projet de Convention," and must content myself with quoting the brief yet comprehensive summary furnished by Mr. Daldy to the *Athenæum*, which appeared in that paper on the 12th of December. "After considering the proceedings of its previous meeting, the conference adopted a *definitive* scheme for an 'international union' for guarding the rights of literary, musical, dramatic, and artistic property, which now only awaits the sanction

and adherence of any other countries who might like to join it. France, Germany, England, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, the United States, the Argentine Republic, Hayti, Honduras, Paraguay, and Tunis were officially represented. The Conference determined to give to the literature and art of all countries adhering to the Union complete protection in each country during the existence of the copyright in the country of origin, or in the country in which a copyright is invaded, whichever is the shorter period. Also, to give an author the exclusive right to translate or authorise a translation of his work for ten years, instead of for one year, as provided by most international treaties. Also, to treat a translation as an original work. Also, to give the author of a work of fiction the exclusive right to dramatize it, subject to the internal copyright laws of the country of origin of the work and the country of the appearance of the dramatized plot. The minister of the United States was not authorized to take any part in the discussions, but he laid before the Conference an official assurance that his country accepted the principle that all literature should receive the same protection, whether produced by its own subjects or the subjects of other nations, adding that, although the question was surrounded by difficulties, they ought to yield to some international general agreement which should be equitable and simple." Mr. F. O. Adams, our representative in Switzerland, attended, along with Mr. J. H. G. Bergne, of the Foreign Office. Last year our delegate had no power to vote. This year authority to vote was given, upon the express condition, however, that the English Government should not be bound thereby, but should be at liberty to accept or reject the conclusions of the Conference. Last year the Americans almost rudely refused to

attend. This year they were represented as above stated; and I notice as another encouraging sign, that President Cleveland's message last week referred to the Conference, and expressed approval of its objects. I now want this club to support the endeavours of the International Literary Association, and of the Swiss Government, by memorializing the Foreign Secretary in favour of the convention. I think some good may be done by our so doing. Ministers look for manifestations of public opinion, and if they find themselves supported thereby are much more likely to act. At any rate, let the Manchester Literary Club do what it can towards the end in view. Our city has had something of a slur cast upon it by that very superior person, Mr. Matthew Arnold, in a magazine article on copyright. He says: "The Americans deal with authors, domestic and foreign, much as Manchester might be disposed, if left to itself, to deal with them, as if provided a sharp bargain was made and a good thing, as the phrase is, were got out of it—that was all that could be desired." I do not believe that Manchester, under any circumstances, would act in the manner described; I think there is among us a wider sympathy and a more generous feeling towards men of letters, and if we can do anything to help forward international copyright, we shall, so far as that is concerned, show that we do not deserve the reproach.

Another word or two about the International Literary Association and I have finished. That association has done much to promote brotherhood of authors, and a better understanding and appreciation of the literature of different countries. It has founded an International Museum of Literature, and also the *Revue Universelle*, containing translations in French from the best writers of many lands. It is ever intelligently active to carry out its programme and accomplish its objects, and there can be

no doubt that this and similar movements are tending to bring about a happier state of things between the nations, and I think we may take satisfaction from having some part therein. Following this thought, I may appropriately quote and conclude my paper with some sentences from a speech by Victor Hugo to the International Literary Association on the occasion of its first conference: "The race of men of letters, few in numbers, will lead; the nations will follow. Out of this vast spiritual brotherhood will spring universal peace. Your work is a great one, it will succeed. It cannot meet with hostility, for it answers to the ideal of a community which all men ardently desire. You are younger than I am, you will reap its fruits. I have always thought that out of the brotherhood of letters would spring the pacification of souls." May these glowing prophecies be realised!

NOTE.

At the weekly meeting of the Manchester Literary Club, held 25th January, 1886, the following memorial was adopted, and has been forwarded to the Foreign Office:—

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE THE MARQUIS OF
SALISBURY, K.G.

The humble memorial of the Manchester Literary Club sheweth,

That your memorialists have had under consideration the convention concerning the creation of an International Union for the protection of literary and artistic works proposed by the recent International Conference at Berne, Switzerland. That your memorialists are of opinion that for the greater encouragement of authors and the wider diffusion of literature and learning it is eminently desirable that copyright should be universal; that having

regard to the end in view the articles of the proposed convention are well conceived and skilfully drawn, and should, in the interests of literature and civilisation, be adopted by all countries. Your memorialists therefore pray that your Lordship, as the head of Her Majesty's Government, and as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, will take all necessary steps, and do everything in your power to bring about the immediate general adoption of the said convention.

And your memorialists will ever pray.





THE FIRST ROSES.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

[For a fair maiden was blamed with wrong, and slandered that she had committed fornication, for which cause she was condemned to be burnt in that place; and as the fire began to burn about her, she made her prayers to the Lord, that as truly she was not guilty, He would by His merciful grace help her, and make it known to all men. And when she had thus said, she entered into the fire, and immediately the fire was extinguished, and the faggots that were burning became red rose bushes, and those that were not kindled became white rose bushes, full of roses. And these were the first rose trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw. And thus was this maiden saved by the grace of God. And therefore is the field called the field that God flourisheth, for it was full of roses.—SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE'S *Voyages and Travels*, Chap. VI.]

NEAR Bethlehem's city stands the fairest field
That any land on earth may ever show;
There first the roses white and red did grow
Since Eden lost—and in prolific yield.
A maiden pure in ages long gone by
Unjustly slandered as unchaste of life—
Justice and Judgment having fallen to strife—
By stake and faggot was condemned to die.
But the pure maid in agonising sighs
Beseeches Him who is the Shield of Right;
The unburnt faggots turn to roses white,
And those aflame as roses red arise.
So was she rescued from a wrongful doom,
And Eden's flowers again on earth did bloom.

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Should be sung in every English home.—"Christian Union."

Third Verse.

On, on, they rush—none fear to die,
Though cannon roar and bullets fly,
The neigh of horse and shouts of men
Resound o'er rock, through cave and glen.
O'er rock, through cave and glen.

Fifth Verse.

Hark! hark! what shouts of vict'ry rend the air.
See England's heroes, with pennon fair,
Proudly victorious to their Queen they'll bear
That blood-stained, shatter'd flag with love and care.
That flag! but Gordon is—where?

GEO. ELLIOTT KENT, the Author and Composer, has pleasure in stating that Her Majesty the Queen has graciously accepted a Copy of the Song with thanks, and cordial letters of acknowledgement have been received from:—

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

GEN. LORD WOLSELEY.
GEN. SIR G. GRAHAM.
GEN. SIR F. STEPHENSON.
GEN. SIR F. ROBERTS.
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.
COL. SIR CHARLES WILSON.

COL. I. HERBERT (Camel Corps).
MAJOR STURGEON (Postal Corps).
CAPT. F. STUART-WORTLEY.
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CAPT. CRITCHLEY (Camel Corps).
MISS POWER.

Also from nearly every Member of the Present Cabinet and from Leading Statesmen and Distinguished Members of Parliament.

Miss Gordon writes as follows:—

DEAR MR. KENT,

August 4th, 1885.

I have read and sincerely thank you for the tribute you have paid to my brother, General Gordon, and our noble and brave soldiers. The words and music are very suitable, and please me much. The following are the very last words he ever wrote to me:—

"P.S.—I am quite happy, thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have 'tried to do my duty.'"

Wishing you every success,

G. E. Kent, Esq., Hill House, Askern,
near Doncaster.

I am truly yours,
M. A. GORDON.

The frontispiece is richly printed in colours, and, in addition to a battle scene between British troops and Arabs, contains Portraits of General Gordon and General Lord Wolseley, with Views of the Pyramids, Sphinx, and Nile.

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